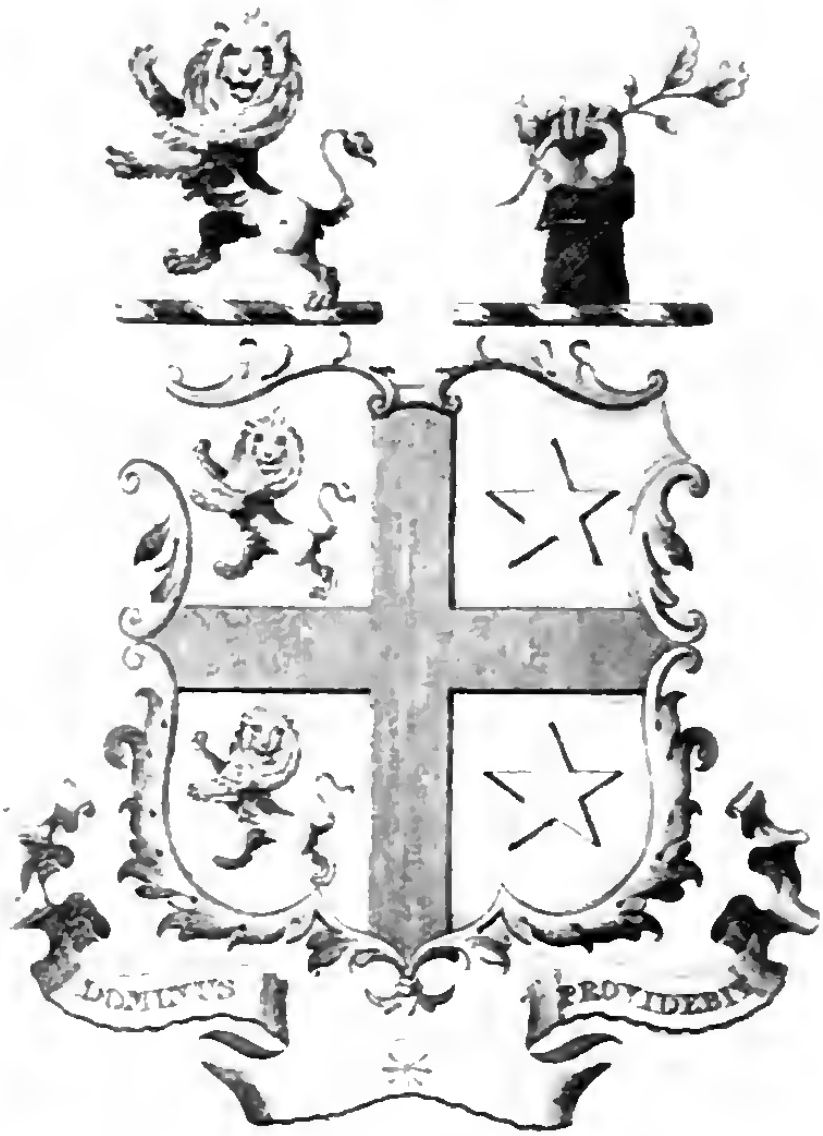
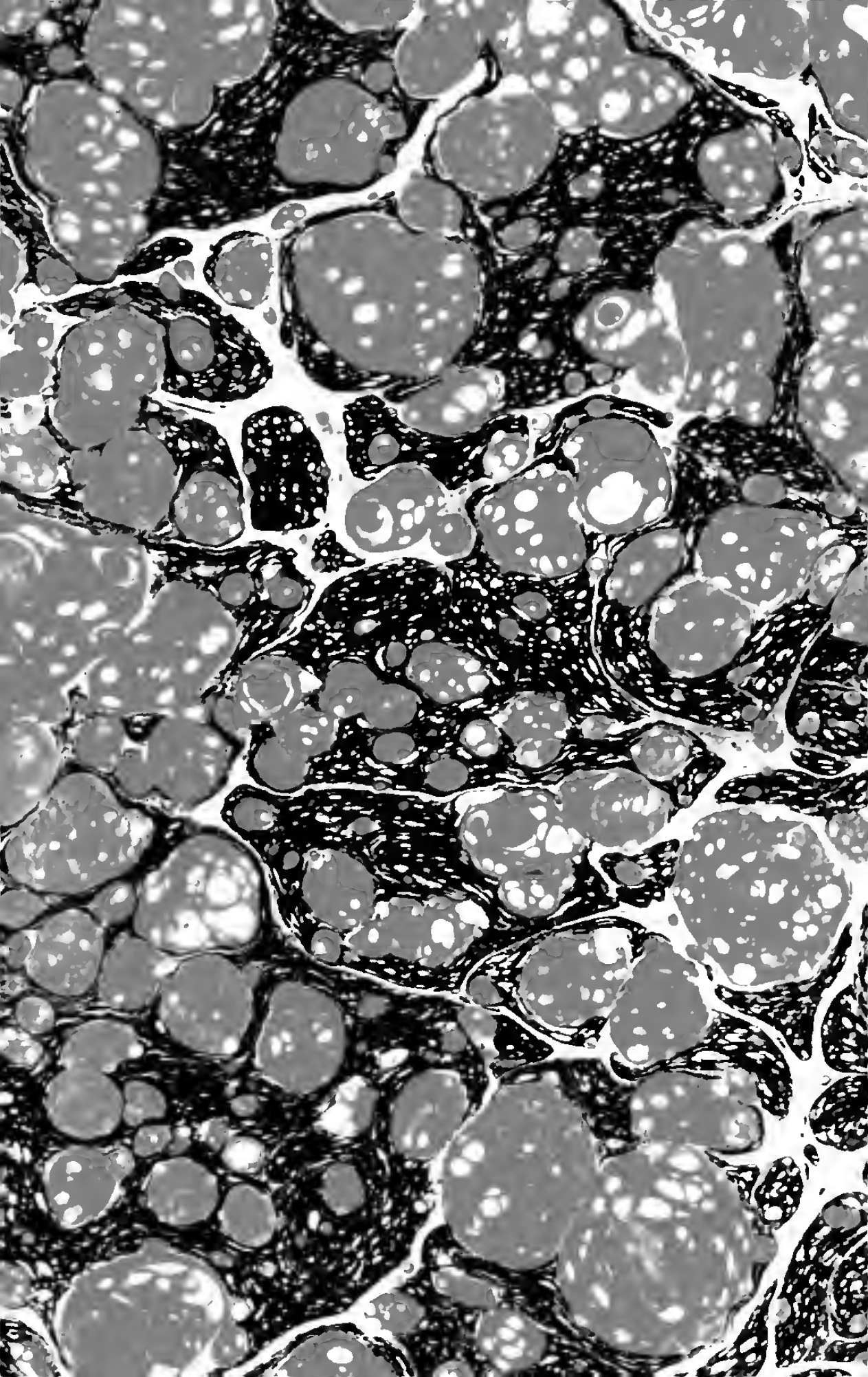
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00871207 7



M. John Phillips.



EXERCISES

IN

ELOCUTION;

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

AND

ARRANGED UNDER PROPER HEADS:

INTENDED AS A

SEQUEL

TO A WORK ENTITLED

THE SPEAKER.

BY WILLIAM ENFIELD, LL.D.

LECTURER ON THE BELLES LETTRES IN THE ACADEMY AT WARRINGTON.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.

LUCRETIUS.

WARRINGTON,

PRINTED BY W. EYRES,

FOR J. JOHNSON, N°. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

MDCCLXXX.

LIBRARY
25 1971
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PN
4200
E56

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Compilation presented to the Public under the title of THE SPEAKER *having met with a favourable reception, the Editor has been induced to make a second collection on the same plan, with the immediate design of affording farther assistance to Youth in acquiring the habit of reading and speaking with propriety. In this view of the publication alone, he apprehends that a* NEW SET OF EXERCISES *will not be unacceptable either to Teachers or Pupils. But besides this, it has been his intention, in extending this Miscellany, to collect, and digest under distinct heads, a large number of such passages from the most approved literary productions of our own country, as might serve to lead young persons into some acquaintance with the most valuable writers, and assist them in forming a taste for the beauties of fine writing. He has also kept in view the still more important object, of providing them with useful lessons of Instruction, and impressing upon their minds the sentiments of Honour and Virtue. If these ends should, in any degree, be answered, the Editor will think his labour happily bestowed.*

THE

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Chap.			Page
I.	Reſpect due to Old Age.	*Spectator.*	1
II.	Pætus and Arria.	*Pliny.*	2
III.	Abdolonymus raiſed to the Government of Sidon.	*Q. Curtius.*	4
IV.	Firmneſs exemplified in Alexander Severus.	*Gibbon.*	6
V.	The Reſignation of the Emperor Charles V.	*Robertſon.*	7
VI.	Muly Moluc.	*Spectator.*	12
VII.	Valentine and Unnion.	*Tatler.*	13
VIII.	Good-natured Credulity.	*Percival.*	14
IX.	Example of Veracity.	*id.*	16
X.	Modeſty rewarded.	*Stretch.*	17
XI.	The Contented Porter.	*Richardſon.*	19
XII.	Genealogy of Taſte.	*Cooper.*	21
XIII.	Damon and Pythias.	*Brooke.*	23
XIV.	§. 1. Filial Duty. §. 2. Paternal Forgiveneſs.	*A.*	27
XV.	The Monk.	*Sterne.*	37
XVI.	The Progreſs of Diſcontent.	*Warton.*	40
XVII.	The Town and Country Mice.	*Pope.*	45
XVIII.	The Three Warnings.	*Mrs. Thrale.*	47
XIX.	Edwin and Angelina.	*Goldſmith.*	51
XX.	The Blackbirds.	*Jago.*	57
XXI.	The Nun.	*Jerningham.*	60
XXII.	Rodolpho and Matilda.	*Keate.*	66
XXIII.	Lavinia.	*Thomſon.*	69
XXIV.	The Traveller loſt in the Snow.	*id.*	73
XXV.	Eve's Dream.	*Milton.*	75

BOOK

BOOK II.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

CHAP.			Page
I.	On Elocution.	*Chesterfield.*	78
II.	On Reading the Common Prayer.	*Spectator.*	80
III.	Advice to a young Clergyman.	*Swift.*	83
IV.	On Dignity of Manners.	*Chesterfield.*	90
V.	On Vulgarity.	*id.*	92
VI.	On Good Breeding.	*id.*	95
VII.	The Art of Pleasing.	*id.*	99
VIII.	Industry Recommended	*id.*	111
IX.	Against a Dilatory Disposition.	*Rambler.*	114
X.	On Prodigality.	*id.*	118
XI.	On Generosity.	*Melmoth.*	121
XII.	On Taste.	*id.*	123
XIII.	On Style.	*id.*	126
XIV.	On Thinking.	*id.*	129
XV.	On Truth.	*id.*	132
XVI.	The Judgment of Hercules.	*Spence.*	135
XVII.	Variety in Human Characters.	*Pope.*	144
XVIII.	Philosophical Melancholy.	*Thomson.*	146
XIX.	Contemplation.	*id.*	147

BOOK III.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

I.	Proof of the Existence of a Deity.	*E.*	149
II.	On Disinterested Friendship.	*Cicero.*	152
III.	The Folly of Inconsistent Expectations.	*Mrs. Barbauld.*	156
IV.	The Perfection of Human Nature.	*Pope.*	159
V.	Against Selfishness.	*id.*	162

BOOK IV

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

I.	Manlius to his Son.	*Livy.*	164
II.	Mucius Scævola to King Porsena	*id.*	165
III.	Sophonisba to Massinissa.	*id.*	166
IV.	Scipio to the Romans.	*id.*	*id.*
			V. Demosthenes

CHAP.			Page
V.	Demoſthenes to the Athenians againſt Philip.		167
VI.	Demoſthenes to the Athenians, concerning the Regulation of the State.		172
VII.	Micipſa to Jugurtha.	*Salluſt.*	175
VIII.	Adherbal to the Roman Senate.	*id.*	176
IX.	General Wolfe to his Army.	*A.*	181
X.	To Art.	*Harris.*	182
XI.	To the Sea.	*Keate.*	185
XII.	Jupiter to the Inferior Deities.	*Homer.*	186
XIII.	Sarpedon to Glaucus.	*id.*	187
XIV.	Malefort's Defence of himſelf.	*Maſſinger.*	188
XV.	Henry V. to his Soldiers at Harfleur.	*Shakeſpear.*	191
XVI.	Prologue to Cato.	*Pope.*	192
XVII.	Cato's Senate.	*Addiſon.*	194

BOOK V.

DIALOGUES.

I.	Myrtle and Bevil.	*Steele.*	200
II.	Lionel and Flowerdale.	*Lionel and Clariſſa.*	205
III.	Alfred and Hermit.	*Mallet.*	207
IV.	Guſtavus Vaſa, Anderſon, Arnoldus, and Arvida.	*Brooke.*	211
V.	Tamerlane and Derviſe.	*Rowe.*	223
VI.	Comus and Lady.	*Milton.*	227
VII.	The Brothers.	*id.*	232
VIII.	Catherine and Griffith.	*Shakeſpear.*	237
IX.	Trial of Shylock.	*id.*	240

BOOK VI.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

I.	Character of Marius.	*Middleton.*	253
II.	-------- of Sylla.	*id.*	254
III.	-------- of Pompey.	*id.*	257
IV.	-------- of Julius Cæſar.	*id.*	261
V.	-------- of Cato.	*id.*	263
VI.	-------- of the Virtuous Man.	*Fordyce.*	264
VII.	-------- of a True Friend.	*E.*	266
VIII.	The Ruling Paſſion.	*Pope.*	267
IX.	The Actor.	*Lloyd.*	270
X.	Ode to Education.	*R.*	273
XI.	Hymn to Cheerfulneſs.	*Akenſide.*	279
XII.	Ode to Independence.	*Smollett.*	284

Chap.			Page
XIII.	Ode to Mirth.	*Smollett.*	288
XIV.	Thought in a Garden.	*Hughes.*	290
XV.	Hymn to Cynthia.	*B. Jonson.*	292
XVI.	The Cuckoo.		293
XVII.	The Winter's Walk.	*Johnson.*	294
XVIII.	The Hermit.	*Beattie.*	295
XIX.	The Praise of Philosophy.	*id.*	296
XX.	Hymn to Light.	*Cowley.*	300
XXI.	Invocation to Light.	*Milton.*	304
XXII.	The Passions.	*Collins.*	306
XXIII.	Praise of England.	*Dyer.*	310
XXIV.	Sheep-Shearing.	*id.*	311
XXV.	Rise and Declension of Rome.	*id.*	313
XXVI.	National Characters.	*Goldsmith.*	318
XXVII.	Ancient Rome.	*Thomson.*	325
XXVIII.	Ancient Greece.	*id.*	327
XXIX.	The King of a Free People.	*id.*	332
XXX.	Independence.	*id.*	333

BOOK VII.

PATHETIC PIECES.

I.	Dirge in Cymbeline.	*Collins.*	335
II.	A Winter Piece.	*A.*	336
III.	Elegy to Pity.	*R.*	337
IV.	An Evening Address to the Nightingale.	*Shaw.*	339
V.	Parting of Hector and Andromache.	*Homer.*	343
VI.	Helena upbraiding Hermia.	*Shakespear.*	347
VII.	Buckingham going to Execution.	*id.*	348
VIII.	Sforza pleading his Cause before Charles V.	*Massinger.*	351
IX.	Faulconbridge and King John.	*Shakespear.*	354
X.	Brutus and Titus.	*Lee.*	356
XI.	Sebastian and Dorax.	*Dryden.*	361
XII.	Antony and Ventidius.	*id.*	371
XIII.	Theodosius and Marcian.	*Lee.*	381
XIV.	Gloster and Hastings.	*Rowe.*	390
XV.	Gustavus and Dalecarlians.	*Brooke.*	595
XVI.	Gustavus and Cristiern.	*id.*	399
XVII.	Isabella and Angelo.	*Shakespear.*	403
XVIII.	King John and Hubert.	*id.*	407
XIX.	Northumberland and Morton.	*id.*	412
XX.	The Bard.	*Gray.*	415
	An Original Descriptive Poem.	*S. H.*	420

BOOK I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

IT happened at Athens, during a public repreſentation of ſome play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who obſerved the difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: the good man buſtled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was, to ſit cloſe and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on thoſe occaſions there were alſo particular places aſſigned for foreigners: when the good man ſkulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a man, and with the

greateſt reſpect received him among them. The Athenians being ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applauſe; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians underſtand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practiſe it."

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. II.

PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

IN the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illuſtrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her huſband and her ſon were both at the ſame time attacked with a dangerous illneſs. The ſon died. He was a youth endued with every quality of mind and perſon which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguiſh of grief; yet ſhe reſolved to conceal the diſtreſſing event from her huſband. She prepared and conducted his funeral ſo privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever ſhe came into her huſband's bed-chamber, ſhe pretended her ſon was better; and as often as he inquired after his health would anſwer, that he had reſted well, or had eaten with an appetite. When ſhe found that ſhe could no longer reſtrain her grief, but her tears were guſhing out, ſhe would leave the room, and having given vent to her paſſion, return again with dry eyes, and a ſerene countenance, as if ſhe had left her ſorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms againſt Claudius, Pætus joined himſelf

to

to his party, and was ſoon after taken priſoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ſhip, Arria beſought them that ſhe might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," ſaid ſhe, "you "cannot refuſe a man of conſular dignity, as he is, a few "attendants to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I "alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refuſed: upon which ſhe hired a ſmall fiſhing-veſſel, and boldly ventured to follow the ſhip.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who preſſing her to diſcover all that ſhe knew of the inſurrection, "What!" ſaid ſhe, "ſhall I regard thy advice, who ſaw thy huſband murdered "in thy very arms, and yet ſurviveſt him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate reſolution to ſhare his fate, and made no ſecret of her intention. Thraſea, who married her daughter, attempting to diſſuade her from her purpoſe, among other arguments which he uſed, ſaid to her, "Would you then, if my life "were to be taken from me, adviſe your daughter to die "with me?" "Moſt certainly I would," ſhe replied, "if ſhe had lived as long, and in as much harmony with "you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Perſiſting in her determination, ſhe found means to provide herſelf with a dagger: and one day, when ſhe obſerved a more than uſual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory — perhaps too, ſenſible that it was chiefly for her ſake that he wiſhed to live — ſhe drew the dagger from her ſide, and ſtabbed herſelf before his eyes. Then inſtantly plucking

the weapon from her breaſt, ſhe preſented it to her huſband, ſaying, "My Pætus, It is not painful." *

PLINY.

CHAP. III.

ABDOLONYMUS RAISED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF SIDON.

THE city of Sidon having ſurrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæſtion to beſtow the crown on him whom the Sidonians ſhould think moſt worthy of that honour. Hephæſtion, being at that time reſident with two young men of diſtinction, offered them the kingdom: but they refuſed it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expreſſed his admiration of their diſintereſted ſpirit, deſired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whoſe ſingular merit had rendered him conſpicuous even in the vale of obſcurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a ſeries of misfortunes had reduced him to the neceſſity of cultivating a garden, for a ſmall ſtipend, in the ſuburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was buſily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæſtion, bearing in their

* In the Tatler, N° 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this ſtory, but wholly fictitious in the circumſtances of the tale. The author, miſtaking Cæcinna Pætus for Thraſea Pætus, has accuſed even Nero unjuſtly, charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epiſtles, Book III. Ep. 16. Dion. Caſſius, Lib. LX. and Tacitus, Lib. XVI. §. 35.

hands

hands the enſigns of royalty, approached him, and ſaluted him king; informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his ruſtic garb, and utenſils of huſbandry, for the regal robe and ſceptre. At the ſame time, they urged him, when he ſhould be ſeated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raiſed.

All this, at the firſt, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illuſion of the fancy, or an inſult offered to his poverty. He requeſted them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jeſts, and to find ſome other way of amuſing themſelves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obſcure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him that they were ſerious in their propoſal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No ſooner was he in poſſeſſion of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whiſpered their murmurs in every place, till at laſt they reached the ear of Alexander; who commanding the new-elected prince to be ſent for, inquired of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown "with equal moderation: for when I poſſeſſed little, I "wanted nothing; theſe hands ſupplied me with whatever "I deſired." From this anſwer, Alexander formed ſo high an idea of his wiſdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. IV.

FIRMNESS EXEMPLIFIED IN ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

WHILST Alexander Severus lay at Antioch, in his Persian expedition, the punishment of some soldiers, excited a sedition in the legion to which they belonged. Alexander ascended his tribunal, and, with a modest firmness, represented to the armed multitude, the absolute necessity, as well as his inflexible resolution, of correcting the vices introduced by his impure predecessor; and of maintaining the discipline, which could not be relaxed, without the ruin of the Roman name and empire. Their clamours interrupted his mild expostulation. "Reserve your shouts," said the undaunted emperor, "till you take the field, against the "Persians, the Germans, and the Sarmatians. Be silent "in the presence of your sovereign and benefactor, who "bestows upon you the corn, the clothing, and the money "of the provinces. Be silent, or I shall no longer style "you soldiers, but *citizens*; if those, indeed, who disclaim "the laws of Rome, deserve to be ranked among the "meanest of the people." His menaces inflamed the fury of the legion, and their brandished arms already threatened his person. "Your courage," resumed the intrepid Alexander, "would be more nobly displayed in a field of battle: "me you may destroy; you cannot intimidate: and the "severe justice of the republic, would punish your crime, "and revenge my death." The legion still persisting in clamorous sedition, the emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the decisive sentence, "*Citizens!* lay down your arms,

arms, and depart, in peace, to your reſpective habitations." The tempeſt was inſtantly appeaſed: the ſoldiers, filled with grief and ſhame, ſilently confeſſed the juſtice of their puniſhment, and the power of diſcipline; yielded up their arms and military enſigns; and retired, in confuſion, not to their camp, but to the ſeveral inns of the city. Alexander enjoyed, during thirty days, the edifying ſpectacle of their repentance; nor did he reſtore them to their former rank in the army, till he had puniſhed thoſe tribunes, whoſe connivance had occaſioned the mutiny.

GIBBON.

CHAP. V.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

CHARLES reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and, on the other, his ſiſter the queen of Hungary, regent of the

Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He, then, read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip, all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there, from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal, which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles, then, roſe from his ſeat; and, leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour,

nor

nor repined under fatigue: that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that, if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left "you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have "made ſuch large additions, ſome regard would have been "juſtly due to my memory on that account: but, now, "when I voluntarily reſign to you what I might have ſtill "retained, I may well expect the warmeſt expreſſions of "thanks on your part. With theſe, however, I diſpenſe; "and ſhall conſider your concern for the welfare of your "ſubjects, and your love of them, as the beſt and moſt ac-

" ceptable teſtimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your " power, by a wiſe and virtuous adminiſtration, to juſtify " the extraordinary proof, which I, this day, give of my " paternal affection; and to demonſtrate, that you are " worthy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. Pre- " ſerve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the " Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country " be ſacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and " privileges of your people: and, if the time ſhall ever " come, when you ſhall wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of " private life, may you have a ſon, endowed with ſuch " qualities, that you can reſign your ſceptre to him, with " as much ſatisfaction, as I give up mine to you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people: and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions, he reſerved nothing for himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

The

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms: four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door, on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried, there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

ROBERTSON.

CHAP. VI.

MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebaſtian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy

crecy to his officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. VII.

VALENTINE AND UNNION.

AT the ſiege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel: there happened between theſe two men a diſpute about an affair of love, which, upon ſome aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to ſtrike his rival, and profeſs the ſpite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without reſiſtance; but frequently ſaid, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had ſpent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midſt of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the caſtle, where the corporal received a ſhot in the thigh, and fell; the French preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midſt of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salſine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, roſe up, tearing his hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding carcaſe, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me

who

who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dreſſed by force; but the next day ſtill calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorſe.

TATLER.

CHAP. VIII.

GOOD-NATURED CREDULITY.

A CHALDEAN peaſant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an aſs, and the goat followed him, with a bell ſuſpended from his neck. "I ſhall ſell theſe animals," ſaid he to himſelf, "for "thirty pieces of ſilver; and with this money I can pur- "chaſe a new turban, and a rich veſtment of taffety, "which I will tie with a ſaſh of purple ſilk. The young "damſels will then ſmile more favourably upon me; and "I ſhall be the fineſt man at the Moſque." Whilſt the peaſant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a ſtratagem to plunder him of his preſent treaſures. As he moved ſlowly along, one of them ſlipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and faſtening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the aſs, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the aſs, and hearing the ſound of the bell, continued to muſe without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the loſs which he had ſuſtained. Happening however, a ſhort while afterwards, to turn about his head, he diſcovered, with grief and aſtoniſhment,

niſhment, that the animal was gone, which conſtituted ſo conſiderable a part of his riches: and he inquired, with the utmoſt anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The ſecond rogue now accoſted him, and ſaid, "I have "juſt ſeen in yonder fields, a man in great haſte, dragging "along with him a goat." The peaſant diſmounted with precipitation, and requeſted the obliging ſtranger to hold his aſs, that he might loſe no time in overtaking the thief. He inſtantly began the purſuit, and having traverſed, in vain, the courſe that was pointed out to him, he came back fatigued and breathleſs to the place from whence he ſet out; where he neither found his aſs, nor the deceitful informer, to whoſe care he had entruſted him. As he walked penſively onwards, overwhelmed with ſhame, vexation, and diſappointment, his attention was rouſed by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who ſat by the ſide of a well. He turned out of the way to ſympathiſe with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cauſe of that violent ſorrow, which ſeemed to oppreſs him. "Alas!" ſaid the poor man, in the moſt piteous tone of voice, "as I was reſting here to drink, I "dropped into the water a caſket full of diamonds, which "I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I "ſhall be put to death on the ſuſpicion of having ſecreted "ſo valuable a treaſure." "Why do not you jump into "the well in ſearch of the caſket?" cried the peaſant, aſtoniſhed at the ſtupidity of his new acquaintance. "Becauſe "it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive "nor ſwim. But will you undertake this kind office for "me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of ſilver?" The peaſant accepted the offer with exultation, and whilſt he

he was putting off his caſſock, veſt, and ſlippers, poured out his ſoul in thankſgivings to the holy prophet, for this providential ſuccour. But the moment he plunged into the water, in ſearch of the pretended caſket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) ſeized upon his garments, and bore them off in ſecurity to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, ſimplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little poſſeſſions; and he haſtened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedneſs, than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.

PERCIVAL.

CHAP. IX.

EXAMPLE OF VERACITY.

A SPANISH cavalier, having aſſaſſinated a Mooriſh gentleman, inſtantly fled from juſtice. He was vigorouſly purſued; but availing himſelf of a ſudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was alſo a Moor, happened to be, at that time, walking in the garden; and the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his caſe, and in the moſt pathetic manner implored concealment. The Moor liſtened to him with compaſſion, and generouſly promiſed his aſſiſtance. He then locked him in a ſummer-houſe, and left him, with an aſſurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his eſcape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his ſon was brought to him; and the deſcription of the murderer exactly agreed with the appear-

appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in cuſtody. He concealed the horror and ſuſpicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the ſummer-houſe, and thus accoſted the cavalier. "Chriſtian," ſaid he, "the youth whom you have murdered was my only ſon. Your crime merits the ſevereſt puniſhment. But I have ſolemnly pledged my word for your ſecurity; and I diſdain to violate even a raſh engagement with a cruel enemy." He conducted the Spaniard to the ſtables, and furniſhing him with one of his ſwifteſt mules, "Fly," ſaid he, "whilſt the darkneſs of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is juſt; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unſpotted, and that I have reſigned judgment unto him."

PERCIVAL.

CHAP. X.

MODESTY REWARDED.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occaſion for the world to call him, the Patron of the poor. This eccleſiaſtical prince had a conſtant cuſtom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various neceſſities, or the motions of his own goodneſs. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal obſerving the marks

marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it) which is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honest industry we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out *fifty* crowns. She, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business; "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing *fifty* crowns,

crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserves a recompence: here I have ordered you *five hundred crowns*; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

STRETCH.

CHAP. XI.

THE CONTENTED PORTER.

A PORTER, one day, resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and "wished he had five hundred pounds." "Why," says a gentleman who was passing by, "I will give you five hundred pounds;—and now what will you do with it?" "Oh," says the porter, "I will soon tell you what I will do with it: First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast." "Well, and what time will you get up?" "Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now." "Well, what will you do after breakfast?" "Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner." "And what will you have for dinner?" "Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoke a pipe." "Well, and then, perhaps you will take a nap." "May be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper." "Well, and what will you have for supper?" "I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am a hungry; or else I will have a Welch rabbit, and another full pot of beer."—"Well, and then?" "Why then I will go to bed,

bed, to be ſure."——"Pray, how much now may you earn a week by your buſineſs?" "Why, maſter, I can make you eighteen ſhillings a week."—"Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?" "I do not know, maſter, I have been thinking ſo." "Well then, let me propoſe a ſcheme to you." "With all my heart, maſter."—"Cannot you do all this every day, as you are, and employ your time into the bargain?" "Why, really ſo I can, maſter, I think, and ſo take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

RICHARDSON.

CHAP. XII.

GENEALOGY OF TASTE.

IN a cave of a mountain in the iſland of Crete dwelt a nymph called Contemplation, ſprung, as the mythologiſts report, from Jupiter, the greateſt of the Gods; for, according to their accounts, ſhe was conceived and leapt forth from the brain of her cœleſtial parent, as Pallas did, whilſt he was deeply attentive in beholding the beauties of the creation. In this ſacred retirement the nymph had lived many ages, whither ſeveral ancient poets, heroes, philoſophers, and legiſlators frequently reſorted, for no one ever left her without receiving the utmoſt happineſs from her divine precepts. As Apollo was wandering one day over the top of this mountain, he chanced to light upon this heavenly maid, whilſt ſhe was buſied in her uſual employment of meditating on this ſtupendous ſyſtem, and the divine perfections of the great Creator of the world. Smit with her charms,

charms, he immediately defcended into the cave, and having enjoyed her, fhe bore him a fon, whom the god named Eudoxus, alluding to the noble ideas which filled the mother's mind when he firft beheld her.

'Tis faid, as the nymph Contemplation was one night counting the ftars, and defcribing on the fand with a wand their different fituations and motions, having left the child not far off on a bed of violets, that the nightingale came and covered him with laurel leaves, and lulled him to fleep with the melody of her fong, foftly modulated to the tender ear of the liftening infant. About this time the Delphian Oracle declared that a ray of light was defcended from the Sun, and being feparated from that mighty luminary, fhould be fpread all over Greece, Italy, and part of Afia Minor for many ages. When Eudoxus had paffed the years of childhood, Apollo being defirous not only to inftruct him in the abftrufer knowledge of his mother, but to unite in his education a thorough reliſh of fuch other arts and fciences, as might render him a benefactor to mankind in general, and his favourite nation the Greeks in particular, he took the boy to his own beloved feat of retirement, and committed his darling charge to the care of the Nine Muſes, and their ſiſters the heavenly Graces. Here Eudoxus was inſtructed, firſt, how the great Architect of the creation divided the warring elements, and out of chaos formed by his plaſtic mandate the unmeaſurable frame of this ſtupendous univerſe: next, how the refulgent ſource of light and heat, the ſun, ſprung through the blue ſerene of heaven, and being fixed immoveable in the center of all, drew round his glorious orb thoſe inferior globes, whoſe certain and unerring courſes, in unchangeable periods of time, form that ætherial harmony imperceptible to all beings but the inhabitants of heaven. Then he

was

was told how the oblique position of this our earth in its annual progress caused the delightful revolutions of seasons; how the soft descending rains and genial warmth of Spring, opened the relenting earth, called forth the infant buds, and afterwards unfolded all the vegetable pride of flowers and blossoms; how the more perpendicular rays of heat ripened the rising harvest in Summer; how Autumn gloried in the regal hue of its purple vintage; and lastly, how the sterile Winter itself was as useful to mortals as the other teeming seasons, by affording in its cold embraces the requisite rest to the sleeping vegetables, which thereby gain fresh vigour to renew their species, and to perpetuate sustenance to all animals, in the same rotation, till time shall be no more. From this general knowledge of nature, he was led to inquire into the construction of particular parts, the bodies of animals, and especially those of the human race; to discover the causes of pain and disease, and by what methods to restore them to their pristine beauty and internal harmony called health, and to recall the natural original sensations of ease and pleasure. When the Daughters of Memory had fully instructed Eudoxus, as Apollo had directed them, in every branch of this knowledge, they brought him by degrees to conceive that an ætherial spirit was for a while united with the human body; how it was agitated by different passions whilst in this conjunction; and then after solution, the body should return to its kindred dust, out of which it was formed, and the soul to a separate state of happiness or misery, according as it acted in this probationary state on earth. Having taken this view of man in the abstract with all his wants and infirmities, the Muses, last of all, gave their disciple a thorough insight into the human race in society, where, by the goodness of the first

Author

Author of all things, theſe very deficiencies of individuals united the whole ſpecies, and the mutual ſupply of each other's wants linked together all degrees into one irrefragable chain, each different part of which reciprocally depended upon the other, from the beginning to the end. They taught him too, by way of amuſement, the uſe and power of muſic, painting, and poetry; the firſt of which could aſſuage mental agony; the ſecond revive paſt pleaſures in beholding beautiful objects; and the third inſpire a true love of virtue, by perpetuating the revered memory of thoſe who had been ornaments to our ſpecies.

Eudoxus, being at length quite accompliſhed in every art and ſcience, became enamoured of one of the Graces, who returned his paſſion with mutual ardor. One day they took an opportunity, whilſt the other two were buſied in ſporting with Flora and her train of Zephyrs, to gratify their deſires in a cave of mount Ida. The offspring of their embraces was a daughter, whom the fond parents named Calocagathia. This nymph, who inherited all the knowledge of her father, and all the charms of her mother, became, as ſhe grew up, the chief favourite both of gods and men. In the cœleſtial banquets ſhe always ſat next to Venus, and on earth had the honour attributed to her of inſpiring whatever was uncommonly beautiful in morals, arts, and ſciences.

COOPER.

CHAP. XIII.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, to die on a certain day, he prayed permiſſion, to retire, in the mean time, to his own country, to

to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible condition, of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He inſtantly offered himſelf to confinement, in place of his friend; and Damon was, accordingly, ſet at liberty.

The king, and all his courtiers, were aſtoniſhed at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.—Self-intereſt, in their judgment, was the ſole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendſhip, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wiſe, to impoſe upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect of underſtanding merely, and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the deſtined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him ſome time on his madneſs, in preſuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himſelf—"My lord," ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aſpect, "I would it were poſſible, that I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own exiſtence. But I pray, I beſeech the gods, to preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppoſe him, ye winds! prevent the eagerneſs and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and ſuffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thouſand times of more

conſequence,

conſequence, of more eſtimation, than my own; more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon." Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner, ſtill more affecting, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it ſerved rather to perplex than undeceive him. He heſitated. He would have ſpoken. But he looked down: and retired in ſilence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidſt the guard, with a ſerious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanour of the priſoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold, and, beholding for ſome time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleaſing countenance, thus addreſſed the aſſembly. "My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yeſterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impoſſibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend.—O! could I eraſe from your boſoms, every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhould go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble — that his truth is unimpeachable — that he will ſpeedily approve it — that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods. But I haſten to prevent his ſpeed. — Executioner,

do your office." As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzz began to ariſe among the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, ſtop the execution," was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant, he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced. "You are ſafe," he cried; "you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I, now, have nothing but death to ſuffer: and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches, which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own." Pale, and almoſt ſpeechleſs, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents; "Fatal haſte! — Cruel impatience! — What envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour? — But I will not be wholly diſappointed. — Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you."

Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all, with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths, ſo inconteſtibly proved by facts. He deſcended from his throne. He aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue! — Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip."

Brooke.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE design which gave birth to the two following tales, was to inculcate on the heart some of the principal moral virtues, by examples in which the tender feelings should be as much as possible excited. This purpose, it was thought, might be best accomplished by short stories, founded on circumstances which might easily be supposed to happen in real life, and not protracted or encumbered by foreign or digressive matter. Though the author has at present only made the following attempt towards the execution of his plan, it was thought that these specimens, in their present detached form, might be no unacceptable article in this collection.

§. I.

FILIAL DUTY.

MR. Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study by every softening and conciliatory art to keep her husband in good

humour with herſelf and her children, but too often failed in both.

Charles, their eldeſt ſon, had one of thoſe diſpoſitions, which, though eaſily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt againſt the exertions of paſſionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impoſſible that he ſhould avoid frequent and angry diſputes with his father, whoſe ſternneſs and ſeverity he returned with ſullen unyielding obſtinacy. Theſe unhappy conteſts acquired ſuch additional force with increaſing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in conſequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to ſubmiſſion, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to ſee his face again.

The lad's ſpirit was too high to render a repetition of the command neceſſary. Unprovided as he was, he ſet out immediately, on foot, for London; where arriving after much hardſhip and fatigue, he found out an Eaſt India captain with whom his father had ſome acquaintance, and after much ſolicitation obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exaſperated as Mr. Haſtings was, he could not help feeling conſiderable regret on finding that his ſon had ſo well obeyed the command which his paſſion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always teſtified the greateſt affection and reſpect, was long inconſolable. From all their enquiries they were only able to learn that their ſon was gone to ſea, but to what part, or in what ſituation, they could never diſcover.

To this cauſe of diſtreſs was ſoon added that of a decline in their circumſtances, owing to repeated loſſes in trade.

After

After the ineffectual ſtruggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a ſmall houſe in a neighbouring village, where, conſumed by grief, with health and ſpirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obſcurity.

One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Haſtings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually ſoftened; his paſſions ſubſided; he attempted to alleviate by kindneſs the ſufferings of his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greateſt tenderneſs and regard to his wife, of whoſe amiable qualities he became every day more ſenſible.

Charles, in the mean time, was paſſing through a variety of fortune. His firſt ſetting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himſelf by his aſſiduities, died on the paſſage; and he was ſet on ſhore at Madraſs, without money, without a patron, or a friend.

He was almoſt ready to periſh for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compaſſion on him, and carried him to his houſe. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for ſome time in a very low ſtation, the gentleman advanced him to his counting houſe, and initiated him in the commercial buſineſs of the ſettlement.

During a ſhort probation in this office, the youth exhibited ſuch tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper perſon to be ſent to a diſtance up the country to a trading poſt of ſome conſequence. He here managed ſome difficult and important concerns with ſo much addreſs, and acted on ſome critical emergencies with ſuch propriety and reſolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was ſoon promoted to a lucrative and honourable ſtation, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impreſſion of injury with which he had left his father's houſe, and the ſubſequent hardſhips he underwent, for a long time ſtifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the ſcene of ſevere and unmerited chaſtiſement, and reſolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injuſtice of his expulſion. By degrees, however, as better proſpects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindneſs of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and ſiſters. He even formed excuſes for his father's ſeverity, and condemned his own obſtinacy as, at leaſt, equally blameable. He grew ſo uneaſy under theſe impreſſions, that not all the flattering proſpects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he ſo ardently deſired. He collected all his property, and took his paſſage for England, where he arrived ſafe after an abſence of nine years.

On his landing, he met with a townſman who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's ſituation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he inſtantly ſet off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple in melancholy deſpondence ſat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Haſtings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was ſomewhat in arrear, threw more than uſual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What ſhall we do?" ſaid he—"he threatens to turn us "out of doors—Unfeeling man! but how can I expect more "mercy from a ſtranger than I ſhewed to my own ſon?" The reflection was too much for Mrs. Haſtings to bear—ſhe wrung her hands—ſobbed and wept bitterly. Not a thought

of

of their preſent ſituation dwelt on her mind—ſhe only felt for her long-loſt ſon.

The eldeſt daughter, whoſe elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanneſs of her dreſs, went up to her mother, and while the ſympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other, ſupported her head. The father ſighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldeſt remaining ſons, hung over the mournful ſcene with looks of ſettled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconſcious of ſorrow, were ſeated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaiſe had ſtopt before the houſe, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when on viewing the groupe before him, he had juſt ſtrength to ſtagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried "My ſon—my ſon!" and ſunk down beſide him. The father ſtood awhile, with his hands claſped, in ſtupid aſtoniſhment—then dropt on his knee, and exclaimed "Heaven, I thank thee!" He then flew to his ſon, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no ſooner returned, than he threw himſelf at his father's feet, and aſked forgiveneſs. "Forgive thee, Charles!" ſaid the father—"it is I, my child, who ought to intreat forgiveneſs for the cruel injury I did thee." He then raiſed him, and again claſped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay ſenſeleſs in the arms of her daughter—The reſt of the family, confuſed and affrighted, knew not what to think of the ſcene, and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed,

was to all appearance dead. It was long before the aſſiduities of her ſon and huſband produced any ſigns of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had ſo long deſired to ſee, the impreſſion proved again too ſtrong, and violent fits ſucceeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees ſhe recovered ſerenity enough to behold and embrace her ſon. All the reſt of the family by turns ſucceeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldeſt ſiſter, who eaſily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the livelieſt ſenſibility.

After the firſt tender greetings and enquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—ſoftening, however, the diſtreſsful parts, leſt he ſhould renew ſenſations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave the whole to their diſpoſal, and ſhould only conſider himſelf as a ſharer with the reſt of the children.

The generoſity and filial piety of this propoſal excited their warmeſt admiration, and occaſioned no ſmall compunction in the father for his treatment of ſuch a ſon. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a conſiderable ſhare of his ſon's property, aſſociated him with himſelf in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handſomely for the reſt of the family, and to paſs the reſt of his days in eaſe and content.

§. 2.

PATERNAL FORGIVENESS.

IN the Weſt of England lived Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handſome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only conſolation he felt after the loſs of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and graces of his little Maria, who ſoon promiſed to become all that he had ſo much admired in her deceaſed mother. He attended to her education with the utmoſt care and aſſiduity; procuring her inſtructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleaſing office upon himſelf, for which his good ſenſe and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With theſe advantages ſhe grew up lovely and accompliſhed in an uncommon degree; and ſeemed in every reſpect formed to complete the warmeſt wiſhes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremeſt fondneſs, and formed no other deſire or purpoſe in life than that of ſeeing her happily and honourably eſtabliſhed.

In purſuit of this deſign he did not, like moſt parents, caſt his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial obſervation, that happineſs in the conjugal ſtate is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed reliſh for ſober and rational felicity, the firſt and greateſt requiſite he looked for in a ſon-in-law was a mind formed to ſteady and habitual virtue. The character uſually diſtinguiſhed by the title of

a *man of pleaſure* was therefore the object of his moſt rooted averſion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquiſite tenderneſs and ſenſibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondneſs with the warmeſt filial affection, rendered her alſo liable to attachments of a ſtronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractiſed in the world, ſhe did not look at mankind with the diſcerning eyes of her father; and where ſhe ſaw an amiable appearance, ſhe was eaſily led to imagine that every thing elſe was correſpondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where ſhe lived, who, to a moſt pleaſing figure and addreſs, added a manner and converſation the moſt ſpecious and inſinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all ſoftneſs and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the looſeſt principles, and moſt confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which ſhe was expoſed. The impreſſion he made was too ſtrong to be eradicated; and although her father, as ſoon as he diſcovered the connection, uſed every art of perſuaſion, and every exertion of parental authority to diſſolve it, he was unable to ſucceed.

As Mr. Spencer conſtantly refuſed his conſent to an union, the unhappy conſequences of which he clearly foreſaw, the lovers had no other reſource to gratify their paſſion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had ſo carefully been implanted in Maria, could reſolve upon ſo raſh and guilty a ſtep; but at length it was determined on and effected; and

and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in mind and body, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of

Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through!" "This little child" continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, "has al-"ready lost its father—and its mother, a most amiable "creature, is left almost destitute of support." Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—"Heaven help thee, indeed!" says he—"but if thou art desti-"tute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! "Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to enquire more "particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situa-"tion?" "She is now in my house, Sir," says she, "and will inform you herself." On this, she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears she could only say, "Forgive me, Sir! forgive me." He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Maria in his

his arms—"I do forgive thee, my poor child!" ſays he, "from my ſoul I do—all that is paſt ſhall be forgot—this little angel makes amends for all."

This ſudden ſtroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A ſcene of tender confuſion enſued, which however ſoon terminated in tranſports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whoſe benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction from her ſucceſs.

A.

CHAP. XV.

THE MONK.

A POOR monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket—button'd it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy——but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſey than years, could be no more than ſixty—Truth might lie between——He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwith-

notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it——

—A better reaſon was, I had pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very

very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none — but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

My heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door—— Pſha! ſaid I with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times ——but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed without the addition of unkind language—I conſider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeem'd to re-enter, and gently aſk me what injury he had done me? and why I could uſe him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

STERNE.

CHAP. XVI.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WHEN now mature in claſſic knowledge,
The joyful youth is ſent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus in form of humble ſuitor
Bowing accoſts a reverend tutor.
"Sir, I'm a Glo'ſterſhire divine,
"And this my eldeſt ſon of nine:

"My

" My wife's ambition and my own
" Was that this child ſhould wear a gown:
" I'll warrant that his good behaviour
" Will juſtify your future favour:
" And for his parts, to tell the truth,
" My ſon's a very forward youth;
" Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
" And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
" If you'd examine—and admit him,
" A ſcholarſhip would nicely fit him:
" That he ſucceeds 'tis ten to one;
" Your vote and intereſt, Sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a ſcholarſhip compleated.
A ſcholarſhip but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he ſmokes and puns,
A prey to diſcipline and duns;
And now intent on new deſigns,
Sighs for a fellowſhip—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters paſt,
That utmoſt wiſh is crown'd at laſt:
But the rich prize no ſooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
" Theſe fellowſhips are pretty things,
" We live indeed like petty kings:
" But who can bear to waſte his whole age
" Amid the dullneſs of a college,
" Debarr'd the common joys of life,
" And that prime bliſs—a loving wife!
" O! what's a table richly ſpread,
" Without a woman at its head!

" Would

" Would ſome ſnug benefice but fall,
" Ye feaſts, ye dinners! farewel all!
" To offices I'd bid adieu,
" Of dean, vice præs. — of burſar too;
" Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
" Come, tythes, and houſe, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of liberty and eaſe
A patron's vanity to pleaſe,
Long time he watches, and by ſtealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length — and in his fortieth year,
A living drops — two hundred clear!
With breaſt elate beyond expreſſion,
He hurries down to take poſſeſſion,
With rapture views the ſweet retreat —
" What a convenient houſe! how neat!
" For fuel here's ſufficient wood:
" Pray God the cellars may be good!
" The garden — that muſt be new plann'd —
" Shall theſe old-faſhion'd yew-trees ſtand?
" O'er yonder vacant plot ſhall riſe
" The flow'ry ſhrub of thouſand dies: —
" Yon wall, that feels the ſouthern ray,
" Shall bluſh with ruddy fruitage gay;
" While thick beneath its aſpect warm,
" O'er well-rang'd hives the bees ſhall ſwarm,
" From which, ere long, of golden gleam
" Metheglin's luſcious juice ſhall ſtream:
" This aukward hut o'ergrown with ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern privy:
" Up yon green ſlope, of hazels trim,
" An avenue ſo cool and dim,

" Shall

" Shall to an arbour, at the end,
" In ſpite of gout, entice a friend.
" My predeceſſor lov'd devotion —
" But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantaſtic farce on,
He now commences country parſon.
To make his character entire,
He weds — a couſin of the 'ſquire;
Not over-weighty in the purſe,
But many doctors have done worſe:
And though ſhe boaſt no charms divine,
Yet ſhe can carve, and make birch wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel:
Finds his church-wardens have diſcerning
Both in good liquor and good learning:
With tythes his barns replete he ſees,
And chuckles o'er his ſurplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the ſtate of pews;
Rides a ſleek mare with purple houſing,
To ſhare the monthly club's carouſing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And — but on Sundays — hears no bells;
Sends preſents of his choiceſt fruit,
And prunes himſelf each ſapleſs ſhoot,
Plants colliflow'rs, and boaſts to rear
The earlieſt melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copſe a favourite bench,
And ſtores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs breaſt
By cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin;
For children freſh expences yet,
And Dicky now for ſchool is fit.
" Why did I ſell my college life
" (He cries) for benefice and wife?
" Return, ye days! when endleſs pleaſure
" I found in reading, or in leiſure!
" When calm around the common room
" I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
" Rode for a ſtomach, and inſpected,
" At annual bottlings, corks ſelected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The pourtrait of our pious founder!
" When impoſitions were ſupply'd
" To light my pipe—or ſooth my pride—
" No cares were then for forward peas,
" A yearly-longing wife to pleaſe:
" My thoughts no chriſt'ning dinner croſt,
" No children cry'd for butter'd toaſt;
" And every night I went to bed,
" Without a Modus in my head!"

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of pleaſures, ſcarce enjoy'd!
Each prize poſſeſs'd, thy tranſport ceaſes,
And in purſuit alone it pleaſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

ONCE on a time, ſo runs the fable,
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*,
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhew'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my friend, this ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider, mice, like men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court."
The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;

'Twas

'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordſhips had ſat late.
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhew it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be ſaid,
The moon was up and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſate, *tête à tête.*
Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah gouter ça!*
" That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
" A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice!—

" An't

" An't pleaſe your honour," quoth the peaſant,
" This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow tree,
" A cruſt of bread, and liberty!"

POPE.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our later ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.

This great affection, to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When ſports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding-day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room:
And looking grave, " You muſt," ſays he,
" Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me."
" With you, and quit my Suſan's ſide!
" With you!" the hapleſs huſband cry'd:
" Young as I am! 'tis monſt'rous hard!
" Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:

" My

" My thoughts on other matters go,
" This is my wedding-night, you know."
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
" Neighbour," he ſaid, " farewell: No more
" Shall Death diſturb your mirthful hour;
" And further to avoid all blame
" Of cruelty upon my name,
" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for your future ſtation,
" Three ſeveral warnings you ſhall have,
" Before you're ſummon'd to the grave:
" Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
" And grant a kind reprieve;
" In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
" But when I call again this way,
" Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wife, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmok'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;

His

His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace;
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſate,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of Fate
Once more before him ſtood.

Half kill'd with anger and ſurpriſe,
"So ſoon return'd!" old Dobſon cries.
"So ſoon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt,
"Since I was here before,
"'Tis ſix-and-thirty years at leaſt,
"And you are now fourſcore."
"So much the worſe," the Clown rejoin'd;
"To ſpare the aged would be kind:
"Beſides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
"Which I have look'd for nights and mornings:
"But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
"I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that at the beſt,
"I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
"But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt;
"I little thought you'd ſtill be able

" To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
" Your years have run to a great length,
" I wiſh you joy tho' of your ſtrength."
" Hold," ſays the Farmer, " not ſo faſt,
" I have been lame theſe four years paſt."
" And no great wonder," Death replies,
" However, you ſtill keep your eyes;
" And ſure to ſee one's loves and friends,
" For legs and arms would make amends."
" Perhaps," ſays Dobſon, " ſo it might,
" But latterly I've loſt my ſight."
" This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith,
" Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill," ſays Death;
" Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe;
" I warrant your hear all the news."
" There's none," cries he, " and if there were,
" I'm grown ſo deaf I could not hear."
" Nay then, the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
" Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
" If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
" You've had your three ſufficient Warnings.
" So come along, no more we'll part:"
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobſon turning pale,
Yields to his fate——ſo ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hoſpitable ray.

For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my ſon, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
My door is open ſtill;
And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
My bleſſing and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To ſlaughter I condemn:

Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay:
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtranger led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To revels or to reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
  And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
  The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
  Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
  The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
  To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
  And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit 'ſpy'd,
  With anſwering cares oppreſt:
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
  The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

From better habitation ſpurn'd,
  Reluctant doſt thou rove;
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
  Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
  Are trifling and decay;
And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
  More trifling ſtill than they.

And what is friendſhip but a name,
  A charm that lulls to ſleep;

A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The modern fair one's jeſt:
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.

For ſhame, fond youth; thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex, he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd! he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, ſhe cry'd;
Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
Companion of her way.

My

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd ſuitors came:
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richeſt preſents ſtrove:
Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine;
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;

And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I.

Forbid it heaven, the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to ſee,
Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No,

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

GOLDSMITH.

CHAP. XX.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

THE ſun had chas'd the mountain ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen ſoil,
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O faireſt of the feather'd train!
For whom I ſing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For ſee the wintry ſtorms are flown,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

The raven plumes his jetty wing
To pleaſe his croaking paramour;

The larks reſponſive ditties ſing,
And tell their paſſion as they ſoar.

But truſt me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the lark ſo ſweetly ſing
As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

O! let me all thy ſteps attend!
I'll point new treaſures to thy ſight;
Whether the grove thy wiſh befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll ſhew my love the cleareſt rill
Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray,
Theſe will we ſip, and ſip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickeſt brake,
Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye;
For her the plaiſter'd neſt I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

When prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young;
The pleaſing taſk I'll gladly ſhare,
Or cheer her labours with my ſong.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the beſt of every kind;
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's aſſiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would ſtray
To taſte the ſummer ſweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the ſweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No buſh ſhall boaſt in all the grove
So fond a mate, ſo bleſt a wife."

He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With ſoft indulgence heard the ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd a mutual flame,
And haſted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide;
The fondeſt bridegroom of that hour,
And ſhe, the moſt delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong,
"Behold," he ſaid, "the new-born day!
The lark his matin peal has rung,
Ariſe, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's ſide;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the Muſe relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;

Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd the lover cry'd, "My dear,
Haſte, haſte away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O ſpare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he choſe ſome other game!
Or ſhot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe;
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

JAGO.

CHAP. XXI.

THE NUN.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treaſure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope ſubdu'd, each wiſh reſign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone manſion ſeek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forſake
The paths, thy birth and fortune ſtrew with flowers?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waſte in cloiſter'd walls thy penſive hours?

Let ſober thought reſtrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footſteps to the veſtal gate,

Left

Left thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice? —
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
And smiling heaven illumes thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say, "That peace with all her comely train,
"From starry regions to this clime descends,
"Smooths every frown, and softens every pain:

"That vestals tread contentment's flowery lawn,
"Approv'd of innocence, by health caress:
"That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
"Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast:"

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal!
Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile,
And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of power, affects th' imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing memory acts her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurement on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest:
Even at the hallow'd lamp she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from every weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then, what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around:

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng:

The golden censors toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odour shed:

Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing ſoul was caught in rapture's flame,
While ſacred ardour glow'd in every vein:
Methought applauding angels ſung my name,
And heaven's unſullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary tranſport ſoon expir'd,
My drooping heart confeſs'd a dreadful void:
E'er ſince, alas! abandon'd, uninſpir'd,
I tread this dome to miſery allied.

No wakening joy informs my ſullen breaſt,
Thro' opening ſkies no radiant ſeraph ſmiles,
No ſaint deſcends to ſooth my ſoul to reſt,
No dream of bliſs the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard diſcontent ſtill haunts my view;
The ſombre genius reigns in every place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkeſt hue,
Chills every prayer, and cancels every grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto and unſocial wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarſe reſounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The ſad remembrance time ſhall ne'er eraſe)
When having ſeal'd the irrevocable vow,
I haſten'd to receive her laſt embrace.

Full well ſhe then preſag'd my wretched fate,
The unhappy moments of each future day:
When lock'd within this terror-ſhedding grate,
My joy-deſerted ſoul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloiſter'd ſcene in all its horror dreſt,
Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant gueſt.

Ah! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,
And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail?
The unfeeling prieſt why did ſhe not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! ſhe might not—her relentleſs lord
Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid her ſtreaming tear;
So anguiſh in her breaſt conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother ſunk in dumb deſpair.

But thou who own'ſt a father's ſacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And given (oh blaſting thought!) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deſerve thy care,
Oh haſte and bear her from this loneſome gloom!
In vain—no words can ſooth his rigid ear:
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloiſter'd fair—ye cenſure-breathing ſaints,
Suppreſs your taunts, and learn at length to ſpare,

Tho'

Tho' mid theſe holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to ſorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this manſion's deep receſs,
To veil the bluſhes of a guilty ſhame,
The tenor of an ill-ſpent life redreſs,
And ſnatch from infamy a ſinking name.

Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow;
From fatal ſymptoms if I right conceive,
This ſtream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breaſt to heave.

Ah! when extended on the untimely bier
To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuſe to ſhed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious foot-ſtep join the ſable train,
As thro' the lengthening iſle they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand ſuſtain,
Thy ſoothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the miniſter who lately gave
The ſacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And ſprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corſe he ſtrews the rattling duſt,
The ſterneſt heart will raiſe compaſſion's ſigh:
Even then no longer to his child unjuſt,
The tears may trickle from a *father*'s eye.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

RODOLPHO AND MATILDA.

WHEN o'er the Alpine heights chill Winter ſpreads
His hoary mantle; when the thick'ning air
Deſcends in feather'd flakes; each proſpect now
How wild, how ſhapeleſs! Streams which us'd to flow
With haſty currents, lazy creep, beneath
Th' incumbent ſnow. The tall fir's loaded branch
Waves like the oſtrich plume; the fleecy ſhow'r,
Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills,
And faithleſs levels. Cautious be his ſteps
Who thro' theſe regions journeys while they wear
Their cold and dreary aſpect, leſt from above
The ſnowy piles o'erwhelm him; frequent now
From parts remote their ſullen ſound is heard,
Striking the ſtartled ear: by eddying winds
Or agitating ſounds, the looſen'd ſnow
Firſt mov'd, augmenting ſlides, then nodding o'er
The headlong ſteep, plunges in air, and rolls
With one vaſt length of ruin to the vale.——
Aghaſt beneath it the pale traveller ſees
The falling promontory——ſees——and dies!——
'Midſt its ſad victims from the houſe of death
Let me recall one true, one wretched pair
It ſunk untimely to the tomb. The tale
I've heard from ſhepherds, as they pointed out
The ſpot their ſtory noted, and have dropt
For hapleſs love a ſympathiſing tear.

In

In a lone vale wash'd by th' impetuous Arve,
Beneath the shade its tallest mountain threw,
Matilda dwelt, the sole remaining hope
Of old Alberto, whose paternal farm
Cover'd with flocks and herds spread wide around.
Her's was each blushing charm which youth may boast
When nature grows profuse; her's too each pow'r,
Attended with each studious wish to please.
Fair as the bloom of May, and mildly sweet
As the soft gales that with their vernal wings
Fan the first op'ning flow'rs.——Each neighbouring swain
Had sigh'd and languish'd, on the tender bark
Inscrib'd the fair-one's name, or to her ear
Whisper'd his love,—in vain!—None, none were heard
Save young Rodolpho, whose prevailing form
Had won her to his favour: on his brow
Sat native comliness, and manly fire
O'er all diffus'd its lustre. Yet with her
His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone each thought
That delicacy knows, far more refined
Than suits the happy!———Much he had convers'd
With rev'rend age, and learn'd from thence to prize
A rural life, learn'd to prefer the peace
Of his own woods, to the discordant din
Of populous cities.———What but fate could bar
Their wishes?——What indeed!——The morn was fix'd
To seal their plighted faith, the bridegroom rose
With all a bridegroom's transport, call'd his friends
To join the jocund train, and hasten forth
To greet th' expecting maid; still as he went
Anticipating Fancy's magic hand,
The thousand raptures drew which youthful breasts

Feel

Feel at approaching bliſs.——Alas! how quick
Treads woe in pleaſure's footſteps!——Now purſue
The fated youth, tho' words are ſure too weak
To ſpeak his horror, when nor well-known farm,
Nor wonted flocks he ſaw, but in their place
A pond'rous mound of ſnow.——At early dawn
From the near Alp the cumb'rous ruin fell,
And cruſh'd Alberto's roof.——To lend their aid
Th' aſſembled villagers were met, and now
From out the maſs had brought once more to light
Th' ill-ſtarr'd Matilda; lovely ſtill!——for ſtill
A bluſh was on her cheek, and her cloſ'd eye
Shew'd but as ſleep. Around her head ſhe wore
Her bridal ornaments, deck'd as ſhe was
To wait the nuptial hour.——Ah! deck'd in vain,
The grave thy marriage-bed!——On the ſad ſcene
Rodolpho gazes, ſtands awhile aghaſt,
The ſemblance of deſpair; his ſwelling breaſt,
Torn by conflicting paſſions, from his tongue
Utt'rance withholds. He rolls his haggard eyes
On all around, as he would aſk if e'er
Griefs ſuch as his were known; then o'er the dead
A moment pauſing, on her lips imprints
A thouſand frantic kiſſes, her cold hand
With ardour ſeizes, and in broken ſounds
Calls on Matilda's name.—With that laſt word
The ſtruggling ſoul a paſſage finds, and down
He ſinks in death, pale as the ambient ſnow.

KEATE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs

Needs

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd,

" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict inquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
The ſoftened image of my noble friend,

Alive

Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heaven?
Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

NOW, while the ſnows ariſe, and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,

He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their fire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

THOMSON.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

EVE's DREAM.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night. Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
"Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? Now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze."
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood

One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And "O fair plant," ſaid he, "with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load, and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here?"
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, "O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we; ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the gods live there, and ſuch live thou."
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that fame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds

With

With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream!

MILTON.

BOOK II.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

CHAP. I.

ON ELOCUTION.

YOUR very bad enunciation, my ſon, gives me real concern; and I congratulate both you and myſelf, that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and ſhall ever think myſelf, as hereafter you will, I am ſure, think yourſelf, infinitely obliged to your friend, for informing me of it. If this ungraceful and diſagreeable manner of ſpeaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public aſſembly! Who would have liked you in the one, or have attended to you in the other?

Read what Cicero and Quintilian ſay of Enunciation, and ſee what a ſtreſs they lay upon the gracefulneſs of it: nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains, that a good

a good figure is neceſſary for an Orator; and, particularly, that he muſt not be *vaſtus*; that is, overgrown and clumſy. He ſhews by it, that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner. Men are much oftener led by their hearts, than by their underſtandings. The way to the heart is, through the ſenſes; pleaſe their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his firſt addreſs. If it is pleaſing, people are hurried involuntarily into a perſuaſion that he has a merit, which poſſibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced againſt him; and unwilling to allow him the merit which, it may be, he has. Nor is this ſentiment ſo unjuſt and unreaſonable as at firſt it may ſeem; for, if a man has parts, he muſt know of how much conſequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of ſpeaking, and a genteel and pleaſing addreſs: he will cultivate and improve them to the utmoſt. What is the conſtant and juſt obſervation, as to all actors upon the ſtage? Is it not, that thoſe who have the beſt ſenſe always ſpeak the beſt, though they may happen not to have the beſt voices? They will ſpeak plainly, diſtinctly, and with the proper emphaſis, be their voices ever ſo bad. Had Roſcius ſpoken *quick*, *thick*, and *ungracefully*, I will anſwer for it that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by; and there muſt be ſomething inconceivably abſurd, in uttering them in ſuch a manner, as that either people cannot underſtand them, or will not deſire to underſtand them. I tell you truly and ſincerely, that I ſhall judge of your parts by your ſpeaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have

parts, you will never be at reſt till you have brought yourſelf to a habit of ſpeaking moſt gracefully; for I aver, that it is in your power. You will deſire your tutor, that you may read aloud to him, every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you, every time that you read too faſt, do not obſerve the proper ſtops, or lay a wrong emphaſis. You will take care to open your teeth when you ſpeak; to articulate every word diſtinctly; and to beg of any friend you ſpeak to, to remind, and ſtop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourſelf, and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at firſt much ſlower than you need to do, in order to correct that ſhameful habit of ſpeaking faſter than you ought. In ſhort, you will make it your buſineſs, your ſtudy, and your pleaſure, to ſpeak well, if you think right. Therefore, what I have ſaid, is more than ſufficient, if you have ſenſe; and ten times more would not be ſufficient, if you have not: ſo here I reſt it.

Lord Chesterfield.

CHAP. II.

On reading the COMMON PRAYER.

THE reading of the Common Prayer well is of ſo great importance, and ſo much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your conſideration ſome particulars on that ſubject.

It

It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys and at school, where when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant frequenter of the service of the church of England for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. When being at St. James's Garlick-Hill church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers; I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty; and when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such a resigned humility, and the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of

the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propoſe, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual aſſembly of the clergy of Sion college, and all other conventions, ſhould read prayers before them. For then thoſe that are afraid of ſtretching their mouths, and ſpoiling their ſoft voice, will learn to read with clearneſs, loudneſs, and ſtrength. Others that affect a rakiſh negligent air by folding their arms, and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Thoſe that read faſt, as if impatient of their work, may learn to ſpeak deliberately. There is another ſort of perſons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no ſet meaſure; theſe pronounce five or ſix words with great deliberation, and the five or ſix ſubſequent ones with as great celerity: the firſt part of a ſentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a ſubmiſſive one: ſometimes again with one ſort of a tone, and immediatly after with a very different one. Theſe gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenneſs of voice and delivery; and all who are innocent of theſe affectations, but read with ſuch an indifferency as if they did not underſtand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphaſis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the ſentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a ſet of readers, who affect, forſooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying inſtead of *pardoneth* and *abſolveth*, *pardons* and *abſolves*.

abſolves. Theſe are often pretty claſſical ſcholars, and would think it an unpardonable ſin to read Virgil or Martial with ſo little taſte as they do divine ſervice.

If thoſe who err in theſe particulars would pleaſe to recollect the many pleaſantries they have read upon thoſe who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that caſe is only ridiculous, in themſelves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I ſhall conclude with what Cæſar ſaid upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him; *Do you read or ſing? If you ſing, you ſing very ill.*

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. III.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

HAVING heard that you are lately entered into holy orders, I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I take it for granted, that you intend to purſue the beaten track, and are already deſirous to be ſeen in a pulpit; only I hope you will think it proper to paſs your quarantine among ſome of the deſolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at leaſt learn to *read* and to *ſpeak*, before you venture to expoſe your parts in a city-congregation: not that theſe are better judges, but becauſe, if a man muſt needs expoſe his folly, it is more ſafe and diſcreet to do ſo before few witneſſes, and in a ſcattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can

prevail upon ſome intimate and judicious friend to be your conſtant hearer, and allow him, with the utmoſt freedom, to give you notice of whatever he ſhall find amiſs either in your voice or geſture; for want of which early warning many clergymen continue defective, and ſometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to obſerve, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to ſhake off.

I could likewiſe have been glad, if you had applied yourſelf a little more to the ſtudy of the Engliſh language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the moſt general defects among the ſcholars of this kingdom, who ſeem not to have the leaſt conception of ſtyle, but run on in a flat kind of phraſeology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expreſſions, peculiar to the nation: neither do I perceive that any perſon either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the leaſt deſires to have them ſupplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a ſtyle. But this would require too ample a diſcuſſion to be now dwelt on: however, I ſhall venture to name one or two faults, which are eaſy to be remedied with a very ſmall portion of abilities.

The firſt is the frequent uſe of obſcure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the better ſort of vulgar, *fine language*; than which I do not know a more univerſal, inexcuſable, and unneceſſary miſtake among the clergy of all diſtinctions, but eſpecially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a liſt of ſeveral hundred words in a ſermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could poſſibly underſtand;

derſtand; neither can I eaſily call to mind any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the diſlike of the thing. But I am apt to put myſelf in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obſcure, which the preacher will not allow to be ſo, becauſe thoſe words are obvious to ſcholars. I believe the method obſerved by the famous lord Falkland, in ſome of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines: I was aſſured by an old perſon of quality, who knew him well, that, when he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or no, he uſed to conſult one of his lady's chamber-maids, (not the waiting-woman, becauſe it was poſſible ſhe might be converſant in romances) and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And, if that great perſon thought ſuch a caution neceſſary in treatiſes offered to the learned world, it will be ſure at leaſt as proper in ſermons, where the meaneſt hearer is ſuppoſed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chamber-maid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and underſtanding. But I know not how it comes to paſs, that profeſſors in moſt arts and ſciences are generally the worſt qualified to explain their meanings to thoſe who are not of their tribe: a common farmer ſhall make you underſtand, in three words, "that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken;" wherein a ſurgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a ſcholar, ſhall leave you to ſeek. It is frequently the ſame caſe in law, phyſic, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that among *hard words* I number likewiſe thoſe, which are peculiar to divinity as it

is

is a ſcience, becauſe I have obſerved ſeveral clergymen, otherwiſe little fond of obſcure terms, yet in their ſermons very liberal of thoſe which they find in eccleſiaſtical writers, as if it were our duty to underſtand them; which I am ſure it is not. And I defy the greateſt divine to produce any law either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniſcience*, *omnipreſence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific viſion*, with a thouſand others ſo frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idioſyncraſy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to inſiſt further, that many terms uſed in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul, might with more diſcretion be changed into plainer ſpeech, except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earneſt in this matter, becauſe it is a general complaint, and the juſteſt in the world. For a divine hath nothing to ſay to the wiſeſt congregation of any pariſh in this kingdom, which he may not expreſs in a manner to be underſtood by the meaneſt among them. And this aſſertion muſt be true, or elſe God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might poſſibly put a caſe that would ſerve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at leaſt nineteen in twenty of thoſe perplexing words might not be changed into eaſy ones, ſuch as naturally firſt occur to ordinary men, and probably did ſo at firſt to thoſe very gentlemen, who are ſo fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines from the pulpits on account of our ignorance in things ſacred, and perhaps with juſtice enough: however, it is not very reaſonable for

for them to expect, that *common men* ſhould underſtand expreſſions, which are never made uſe of in *common life*.

The fear of being thought pedants hath been of pernicious conſequence to young divines. This hath wholly taken many of them off from their ſeverer ſtudies in the univerſity; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houſes. This they uſually call *polite converſation*, *knowing the world*, and *reading men inſtead of books*.

It would be endleſs to run over the ſeveral defects of ſtyle among us: I ſhall therefore ſay nothing of the *mean* and the *paltry*, (which are uſually attended by the *fuſtian*) much leſs of the *ſlovenly* or *indecent*. Two things I will juſt warn you againſt: the firſt is, the frequency of flat unneceſſary epithets; and the other is, the folly of uſing old threadbare phraſes, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauſeous to rational hearers, and will ſeldom expreſs your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already obſerved, our Engliſh tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of underſtanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the propereſt words will generally offer themſelves firſt, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, ſo as they may be beſt underſtood. Where men err againſt this method, it is uſually on purpoſe, and to ſhew their learning, their oratory, their politeneſs, or their knowledge of the world. In ſhort, that ſimplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great

great perfection, is no where more eminently useful than in this.

I shall now mention a particular, wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes, which when I complimented him upon, he assured me, he could not repeat six lines; but his method was to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then, on Sunday morning, he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that, whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now among us many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method,

method, that, from a habit of saving *time* and *paper* which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations or extemporary expletives: and I desire to know, what can be more inexcusable, than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much *pains* and *thought* for the instruction of his people. The want of a little more care in this article is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their *paper* to the audience, like an idle school-boy on a repetition-day.

Let me intreat you therefore to add one half-crown a year to the article of *paper*; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct, than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric. And lastly, read your sermon once or twice a day for a few days before you preach it: to which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished, when the last bell rang to church:" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons, because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one

one that you have none; and becauſe too many of your calling have conſequently made themſelves everlaſtingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember ſeveral young men who could never leave the pulpit under half a dozen *conceits*; and this faculty adhered to thoſe gentlemen a longer or ſhorter time, exactly in proportion to their ſeveral degrees of dulneſs: accordingly, I am told that ſome of them retain it to this day. I heartily wiſh the brood were at an end.

SWIFT.

CHAP. IV.

ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

THERE is a certain dignity of manners abſolutely neceſſary, to make even the moſt valuable character either reſpected or reſpectable.

Horſe-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiſcriminate familiarity, will ſink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compoſe at moſt a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a reſpectable man. Indiſcriminate familiarity, either offends your ſuperiors, or elſe dubs you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, juſt, but troubleſome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the leaſt related to wit. Whoever is admitted or ſought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never reſpected there, but only made uſe of. We will have ſuch-a-one, for he ſings prettily; we will invite ſuch-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we

will

will have ſuch-a-one at ſupper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will aſk another, becauſe he plays deep at all games, or becauſe he can drink a great deal. Theſe are all vilifying diſtinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of eſteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the ſake of any one thing ſingly, is ſingly that thing, and will never be conſidered in any other light; conſequently never reſpected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend ſo much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from bluſtering, or true wit from joking, but is abſolutely inconſiſtent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretenſions of the proud man, are oftener treated with ſneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculouſly too little to a tradeſman, who aſks ridiculouſly too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only aſks a juſt and reaſonable price.

Abject flattery and indiſcriminate aſſentation degrade, as much as indiſcriminate contradiction and noiſy debate diſguſt. But a modeſt aſſertion of one's own opinion, and a complaiſant acquieſcence in other people's, preſerve dignity.

Vulgar, low expreſſions, awkward motions and addreſs, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curioſity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deſerve, a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjuſtly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very ſagaciouſly, marked out Cardinal Chigi

Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the ſame pen, and that it was an excellent good one ſtill.

A certain degree of exterior ſerioufneſs in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulneſs, which are always ſerious themſelves. A conſtant ſmirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are ſtrong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, ſhews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haſte and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned ſome of thoſe things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and ſink characters, in other reſpects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of thoſe that affect and ſink the moral characters. They are ſufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blaſted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep ſuch a man longer from ſinking, than otherwiſe he would be: of ſuch conſequence is the το πρεπον, or decorum, even though affected and put on!

Lord Chesterfield.

CHAP. V.

On VULGARITY.

A VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or ſpeaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at ſchool, or among ſervants, with whom they are too often uſed to converſe;

converſe; but, after they frequent good company, they muſt want attention and obſervation very much, if they do not lay it quite aſide. And indeed if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aſide. The various kinds of vulgariſms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give ſome ſamples, by which you may gueſs at the reſt.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He ſuſpects himſelf to be ſlighted, thinks every thing that is ſaid meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is perſuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and teſty, ſays ſomething very impertinent, and draws himſelf into a ſcrape, by ſhewing what he calls a proper ſpirit, and aſſerting himſelf. A man of faſhion does not ſuppoſe himſelf to be either the ſole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never ſuſpects that he is either ſlighted or laughed at, unleſs he is conſcious that he deſerves it. And if (which very ſeldom happens) the company is abſurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unleſs the inſult be ſo groſs and plain as to require ſatisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquieſces than wrangles. A vulgar man's converſation always ſavours ſtrongly of the lowneſs of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domeſtic affairs, his ſervants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphaſis, as intereſting matters. He is a man-goſſip.

Vulgariſm in language is the next, and diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of bad company, and a bad education. A

man

man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that *what is one man's meat is another man's poison*. If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words, carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged* not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not towards such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs, and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handiness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion, are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man.

He

He is at a loſs what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; deſtroys them firſt, and then accompanies them in their fall. His ſword is formidable only to his own legs, which would poſſibly carry him faſt enough out of the way of any ſword but his own. His clothes fit him ſo ill, and conſtrain him ſo much, that he ſeems rather their priſoner than their proprietor. He preſents himſelf in company, like a criminal in a court of juſtice; his very air condemns him; and people of faſhion will no more connect themſelves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulſe drives and ſinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP. VI.

ON GOOD BREEDING.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very juſtly defined good breeding to be, "the reſult of much good ſenſe, ſome good nature, and a little ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and with a view to obtain the ſame indulgence from them." Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be diſputed) it is aſtoniſhing to me, that any body, who has good ſenſe and good nature, can eſſentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to perſons, places, and circumſtances; and are only to be acquired by obſervation and experience;

experience; but the ſubſtance of it is every where and eternally the ſame. Good manners are, to particular ſocieties, what good morals are to ſociety in general; their cement, and their ſecurity. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at leaſt to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; ſo there are certain rules of civility, univerſally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and puniſh bad ones. And indeed there ſeems to me to be leſs difference, both between the crimes and puniſhments, than at firſt one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is juſtly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and diſturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common conſent as juſtly baniſhed ſociety. Mutual complaiſances, attentions, and ſacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and ſubjects: whoever, in either caſe, violates that compact, juſtly forfeits all advantages ariſing from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the conſciouſneſs of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the moſt pleaſing: and the epithet which I ſhould covet the moſt, next to that of Ariſtides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general, I will now conſider ſome of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, ſcarcely any, are wanting in the reſpect which they ſhould ſhew to thoſe whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their ſuperiors; ſuch as crowned heads, princes, and public perſons of diſtinguiſhed and eminent poſts. It is the manner of ſhewing that reſpect which is different. The man of faſhion, and of the world, expreſſes it in its fulleſt extent; but naturally, eaſily, and without concern:

whereas

whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect, which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never

uſurp to yourſelf thoſe conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; ſuch as the beſt places, the beſt diſhes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourſelf, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: ſo that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your ſhare of the common right. It would be endleſs for me to enumerate all the particular inſtances in which a well-bred man ſhews his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to ſuppoſe, that your own good ſenſe will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your ſelf-intereſt enforce the practice.

There is a third ſort of good breeding, in which people are the moſt apt to fail, from a very miſtaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's moſt familiar friends and acquaintances, or thoſe who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of eaſe is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, ſocial life. But eaſe and freedom have their bounds, which muſt by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and careleſſneſs becomes injurious and inſulting, from the real or ſuppoſed inferiority of the perſons: and that delightful liberty of converſation among a few friends, is ſoon deſtroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiouſneſs. But example explains things beſt, and I will put a pretty ſtrong caſe. Suppoſe you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can poſſibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithſtanding this, do you imagine that

hat I ſhould think there were no bounds to that freedom? aſſure you, I ſhould not think ſo; and I take myſelf to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The moſt familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendſhips, require a degree of good breeding, both to preſerve and cement them. The beſt of us have our bad ſides; and it is as imprudent, as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I ſhall not uſe ceremony with you; it would be miſ-placed between us: but I ſhall certainly obſerve that degree of good breeding with you, which is, in the firſt place, decent, and which, I am ſure, is abſolutely neceſſary to make us like one another's company long.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP. VII.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

§. 1.

THE deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal; the deſire of pleaſing ſhould be ſo too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wiſhes they ſhould do to us. There are indeed ſome moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not heſitate to place it at the head of the *minor* virtues.

The *manner* of conferring favours or benefits, is, as to pleaſing, almoſt as important as the matter itſelf. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon

others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures; but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness, will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit, at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in? A prudent usurer would with

with tranſport place his laſt ſhilling at ſuch intereſt, and upon ſo ſolid a ſecurity.

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not ſuch ſentimental friends as Pylades or Oreſtes, Nyſus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and inclined to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good nature, and of good ſenſe; but good breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politeſt courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good breeding, the *manner* always adorns and dignifies the matter to ſuch a degree, that I have often known it give currency to baſe coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremonioufneſs, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary outwork of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

§. 11.

The means of pleaſing vary according to time, place, and perſon; but the general rule is the trite one, Endeavour to pleaſe, and you will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree: conſtantly ſhew a deſire to pleaſe, and you will engage people's ſelf-love in your intereſt; a moſt powerful

advocate. This, as indeed almoſt every thing elſe, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the moſt trifling thing that paſſes where you are; have, as the vulgar phraſe is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very fooliſh, though a very common ſaying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper anſwer to ſuch ingenious excuſes, and which admits of no reply is, Why did you not mind it? you was preſent when it was ſaid or done. Oh! but you may ſay, you was thinking of quite another thing: if ſo, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you ſay you was thinking of? But you will ſay, perhaps, that the company was ſo filly that it did not deſerve your attention: that, I am ſure, is the ſaying of a filly man; for a man of ſenſe knows that there is no company ſo filly, that ſome uſe may not be made of it by attention.

Let your addreſs, when you firſt come into company, be modeſt, but without the leaſt baſhfulneſs or ſheepiſhneſs; ſteady, without impudence, and unembarraſſed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deſerves great attention; nothing but a long uſage in the world, and in the beſt company, can poſſibly give it.

A young man without knowledge of the world, when he firſt goes into a faſhionable company, where moſt are his ſuperiors, is commonly either annihilated by baſhfulneſs, or, if he rouſes and laſhes himſelf up to what he only thinks a modeſt aſſurance, he runs into impudence and abſurdity, and conſequently offends, inſtead of pleaſing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleneſs of

manner,

manner, which never fails to make favourable impreſſions, provided it be equally free from an inſipid ſmile, or a pert ſmirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and diſputative turn, which too many people have, and ſome even value themſelves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modeſty, calmneſs, and gentleneſs; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagoniſt beginning to grow warm, put an end to the diſpute by ſome genteel ſtroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two beſt friends in the world diſpute with eagerneſs, upon the moſt trifling ſubject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Diſputes upon any ſubject, are a ſort of trial of the underſtanding, and muſt end in the mortification of one or other of the diſputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you ſhould give an univerſal aſſent to all that you hear ſaid in company; ſuch an aſſent would be mean, and in ſome caſes criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleneſs.

Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that, you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances, what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments, I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking, what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

If you have not command enough over yourſelf to conquer your humours, as I am ſure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-

humour is upon you. Inſtead of company's diverting you in thoſe moments, you will diſpleaſe, and probably ſhock them; and you will part worſe friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourſelf a diſpoſition to ſullenneſs, contradiction, or teſtineſs, it will be in vain to ſeek for a cure abroad. Stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itſelf off. Cheerfulneſs and good humour are of all qualifications the moſt amiable in company; for, though they do not neceſſarily imply good nature and good breeding, they repreſent them, at leaſt, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known ſome very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not eſſentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulneſs and eaſe in the countenance and manners. By good humour and cheerfulneſs, I am far from meaning noiſy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whoſe mirth is a kind of ſtorm. Obſerve it, the vulgar often laugh, but never ſmile; whereas, well-bred people often ſmile, but ſeldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleaſes only the mind, and never diſtorts the countenance: a glaring abſurdity, a blunder, a ſilly accident, and thoſe things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden paſſion is called ſhort-lived madneſs; it is a madneſs indeed, but the fits of it return ſo often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madneſs. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate diſpoſition, make it your conſtant ſtudy to ſubdue, or, at leaſt,

to

to check it: when you find your choler riſing, reſolve neither to ſpeak to, nor anſwer the perſon who excites it; but ſtay till you find it ſubſiding, and then ſpeak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and ſteady upon all occaſions; the advantages of ſuch a ſteady calmneſs are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reaſon which diſtinguiſhes men from brutes, would be given us to very little purpoſe: as a proof of this, I never ſaw, and ſcarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a paſſion. In truth, there is, in that ſect, a decorum, and decency, and an amiable ſimplicity, that I know in no other.

§. III.

If you have wit, which I am not ſure that I wiſh you, unleſs you have at the ſame time, at leaſt an equal portion of judgment, to keep it in good order, wear it like your ſword in the ſcabbard, and do not brandiſh it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a ſhining quality that every body admires; moſt people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unleſs in themſelves. A man muſt have a good ſhare of wit himſelf to endure a great ſhare in another. When wit exerts itſelf in ſatire, it is a moſt malignant diſtemper; wit, it is true, may be ſhewn in ſatire; but ſatire does not conſtitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thouſand better occaſions of ſhewing it.

Abſtain, therefore, moſt carefully from ſatire, which, though it fall on no particular perſon in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleaſes all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too.

Every one thinks it may be his turn next, and will hate you for what he finds you could ſay of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not ſay. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours; the more wit you have, the more good nature and politeneſs you muſt ſhew, to induce people to pardon your ſuperiority; for that is no eaſy matter.

Appear to have rather leſs than more wit than you really have. A wiſe man will live at leaſt as much within his wit as his income. Content yourſelf with good ſenſe and reaſon, which at the long-run are ever ſure to pleaſe every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good ſenſe and good qualities can make you be beloved. Theſe are ſubſtantial every-day's wear: whereas wit is a holiday-ſuit which people put on chiefly to be ſtared at.

There is a ſpecies of minor wit, which is much uſed and much more abuſed; I mean raillery. It is a moſt miſchievous and dangerous weapon, when in unſkilful or clumſy hands; and it is much ſafer to let it quite alone, than to play with it; and yet almoſt every body do play with it, though they ſee daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occaſions.

The injuſtice of a bad man is ſooner forgiven, than the inſults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that ſecret pride which no human breaſt is free from. I will allow that there is a ſort of raillery which may not only be inoffenſive, but even flattering, as when, by a genteel irony, you accuſe people of thoſe imperfections which they are moſt

moſt notoriouſly free from, and conſequently inſinuate that they poſſeſs the contrary virtues. You may ſafely call Ariſtides a knave, or a very handſome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty, be in the leaſt doubtful. But this ſort of raillery requires a very light and ſteady hand to adminiſter it. A little too ſtrong, it may be miſtaken into an offence; and a little too ſmooth, it may be thought a ſneer, which is a moſt odious thing.

There is another ſort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is *mimicry*. The moſt ſucceſsful mimic in the world is always the moſt abſurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his ſuperior. His profeſſion is to imitate and ridicule thoſe natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the leaſt accountable, and, in the imitation of which, he makes himſelf, for the time, as diſagreeable and ſhocking as thoſe he mimics. But I will ſay no more of theſe creatures who only amuſe the loweſt rabble of mankind.

There is another ſort of human animals, called wags, whoſe profeſſion is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always ſucceed, provided the company conſiſt of fools; but who are equally diſappointed in finding that they never can alter a muſcle in the face of a man of ſenſe. This is a moſt contemptible character, and never eſteemed even by thoſe who are filly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourſelf with ſound good ſenſe, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffenſive. Good ſenſe will make you eſteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a luſtre to both.

§. IV.

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself, unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No; the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company, who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No; vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures, which they feel perhaps more, but, at least, as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak *of* yourself, *for* yourself, nor *against* yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever

whatever *that* says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good nature and humanity which you really feel. I have known many young men who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness, which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and, if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men. Carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe the *a propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency. But too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour than to fix due bounds to familiarity; too little implies an unsociable formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you

you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning, or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A plowman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease, to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths

of

of another man much ſlenderer or taller than yourſelf? Certainly not: it is the ſame thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who deſpairs of pleaſing will never pleaſe; a man that is ſure that he ſhall always pleaſe wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to pleaſe, will moſt infallibly pleaſe.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP. VIII.

INDUSTRY RECOMMENDED.

VERY few people are good œconomiſts of their fortune, and ſtill fewer of their time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the moſt precious. I heartily wiſh you to be a good œconomiſt of both; and you are now of an age to begin to think ſeriouſly of theſe two important articles. Young people are apt to think they have ſo much time before them, that they may ſquander what they pleaſe of it, and yet have enough left; as very great fortunes have frequently ſeduced people to a ruinous profuſion. Fatal miſtakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous ſecretary of the treaſury, in the reigns of king William, queen Ann, and king George the Firſt, uſed to ſay, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themſelves."

This holds equally true as to time; and I moſt earneſtly recommend to you the care of thoſe minutes and quarters of hours, in the courſe of the day, which people think too

ſhort

ſhort to deſerve their attention; and yet, if ſummed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very conſiderable portion of time. For example: you are to be at ſuch a place at twelve, by appointment; you go out at eleven, to make two or three viſits firſt; thoſe perſons are not at home: inſtead of ſauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-houſe, and poſſibly alone; return home, write a letter, beforehand, for the enſuing poſt, or take up a good book, I do not mean Deſcartes, Mallebranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping; but ſome book of rational amuſement; and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, &c. This will be ſo much time ſaved, and by no means ill employed. Many people loſe a great deal of time by reading: for they read frivolous and idle books; ſuch as the abſurd romances of the two laſt centuries, where characters, that never exiſted, are inſipidly diſplayed, and ſentiments, that were never felt, pompouſly deſcribed; the oriental ravings and extravagancies of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; and ſuch ſort of idle frivolous ſtuff, that nouriſhes and improves the mind juſt as much as whipped cream would the body. Stick to the beſt eſtabliſhed books in every language; the celebrated poets, hiſtorians, orators, or philoſophers. By theſe means (to uſe a city metaphor) you will make fifty *per cent.* of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people loſe a great deal of their time by lazineſs; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themſelves that they have not time to begin any thing then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a moſt unfortunate diſpoſition, and the greateſt obſtruction to both knowledge

ledge and buſineſs. At your age, you have no right nor claim to lazineſs. You are but juſt liſted in the world, and muſt be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propoſe commanding with dignity, you muſt ſerve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Diſpatch is the ſoul of buſineſs; and nothing contributes more to diſpatch, than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and ſtick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accompts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their reſpective claſſes, ſo that you may inſtantly have recourſe to any one. Lay down a method alſo for your reading, for which you allot a certain ſhare of your mornings; let it be in a conſiſtent and conſecutive courſe, and not in that deſultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read ſcraps of different authors, upon different ſubjects. Keep a uſeful and ſhort common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read hiſtory without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and conſtantly recurred to; without which, hiſtory is only a confuſed heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the moſt diſſipated part of my life; that is, to riſe early, and at the ſame hour every morning, how late ſoever you may have ſate up the night before.

You will ſay, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troubleſome, only fit for

for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.

Lord Chesterfield.

CHAP. IX.

Against a DILATORY DISPOSITION.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Thus life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning

morning diſſipates; in forming purpoſes which we ſcarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourſelves to our own cowardice by excuſes, which, while we admit them, we know to be abſurd. Our firmneſs is, by the continual contemplation of miſery, hourly impaired; every ſubmiſſion to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waſte that time in which the evil we dread might have been ſuffered and ſurmounted, but even where procraſtination produces no abſolute increaſe of our difficulties, make them leſs ſuperable to ourſelves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wiſe to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the miſchiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and ſuffer only their real malignity, without the conflicts of doubt and anguiſh of anticipation.

To act is far eaſier than to ſuffer, yet we every day ſee the progreſs of life retarded by the *vis inertiæ*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleneſs hinders them from enjoying. The caſe of Tantalus, in the region of poetic puniſhment, was ſomewhat to be pitied, becauſe the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderneſs can be claimed by thoſe who, though perhaps they ſuffer the pains of Tantalus, will never lift their hands for their own relief?

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneaſineſs which only vacancy and ſuſpicion expoſe them to feel, and complaints of diſtreſſes which it is in their own power to remove. Lazineſs is commonly aſſociated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours, by infuſing deſpair of ſucceſs; or the frequent failure of irreſolute ſtruggles, and the conſtant deſire of avoiding labour,

labour, impreſs by degrees falſe terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full poſſeſſion of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon viſions of calamity, ſuch as if they are not diſſipated by uſeful employment, will ſoon overcaſt it with horrors, and imbitter life not only with thoſe miſeries by which all earthly beings are really more or leſs tormented, but with thoſe which do not yet exiſt, and which can only be diſcerned by the perſpicacity of cowardice.

Among all who ſacrifice future advantage to preſent inclination, ſcarcely any gain ſo little as thoſe that ſuffer themſelves to freeze in idleneſs. Others are corrupted by ſome enjoyment of more or leſs power to gratify the paſſions; but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is ſurely to ſink under weak temptations. Idleneſs never can ſecure tranquillity; the call of reaſon and of conſcience will pierce the cloſeſt pavilion of the ſluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from ſleep. Thoſe moments which he cannot reſolve to make uſeful by devoting them to the great buſineſs of his being, will ſtill be uſurped by powers that will not leave them to his diſpoſal; remorſe and vexation will ſeize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is ſo deſirous to appropriate.

There are other cauſes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute diſcernment. He to whom many objects of purſuit ariſe at the ſame time, will frequently heſitate between different deſires, till a rival has precluded him; or change his courſe as new attractions prevail, and haraſs himſelf without advancing. He who

ſees

ſees different ways to the ſame end, will, unleſs he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the compariſon of probabilities, and the adjuſtment of expedients, and pauſe in the choice of his road, till ſome accident intercepts his journey. He whoſe penetration extends to remote conſequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any deſign, diſcovers new proſpects of advantage, and poſſibilities of improvement, will not eaſily be perſuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will ſuperadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purpoſes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own ſcheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that reſolves to unite all the beauties of ſituation in a new purchaſe, muſt waſte his life in roving to no purpoſe from province to province. He that hopes in the ſame houſe to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and ſtudy Palladio, but will never lay a ſtone. He will attempt a treatiſe on ſome important ſubject, and amaſs materials, conſult authors, and ſtudy all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himſelf qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfection, will not eaſily be content without it; and ſince perfection cannot be reached, will loſe the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much ſhorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active proſecution of whatever he is deſirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can aſcertain ſucceſs; death may intercept the ſwifteſt career; but he who is cut off in the execution of a honeſt

a honeſt undertaking, has at leaſt the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he miſſed the victory.

RAMBLER.

CHAP. X.

On PRODIGALITY.

IT is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection; and too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes, Syrens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the

the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied: but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround him with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give

give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident, that frugality is neceſſary even to compleat the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence, there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation, and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them; they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

RAMBLER.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

ON GENEROSITY.

I CONSIDER a generous mind as the nobleſt work of the creation, and am perſuaded, wherever it reſides no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the moſt ſingular of all the moral endowments: I am ſure, at leaſt, it is often imputed where it cannot juſtly be claimed. The meaneſt ſelf-love, under ſome refined diſguiſe, frequently paſſes upon common obſervers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a ſource than the ſuggeſtions of concealed vanity. Good nature, as it hath many features in common with this virtue, is uſually miſtaken for it; the former, however, is but the effect, poſſibly, of a happy diſpoſition of the animal ſtructure, or, as Dryden calls it, of a certain "milkineſs of blood:" whereas the latter is ſeated in the mind, and can never ſubſiſt where good ſenſe and enlarged ſentiments have no exiſtence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon juſtneſs of thought, which, perhaps, is the reaſon this virtue is ſo little the characteriſtic of mankind in general. A man whoſe mind is warped by the ſelfiſh paſſions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of ſects or parties, if he does not want honeſty, muſt undoubtedly want underſtanding. The ſame clouds that darken his intellectual views, obſtruct his moral ones; and his generoſity is extremely circumſcribed, becauſe his reaſon is exceedingly limited.

It is the diſtinguiſhing pre-eminence of the Chriſtian ſyſtem, that it cheriſhes this elevated principle in one of its nobleſt exertions. Forgiveneſs of injuries, I confeſs indeed, has been inculcated by ſeveral of the heathen moraliſts; but it never entered into the eſtabliſhed ordinances of any religion, till it had the ſanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the ancients, who raiſed ſo many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, ſhould never have given a place in their temples to generoſity; unleſs, perhaps, they included it under the notion of *Fides* or *Honos*. But ſurely ſhe might reaſonably have claimed a ſeparate altar and ſuperior rites. A principle of honour may reſtrain a man from counteracting the ſocial ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generoſity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humbler boundaries of mere negative duties. True generoſity riſes above the ordinary rules of ſocial conduct, and flows with much too full a ſtream to be comprehended within the preciſe marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the ſoul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond thoſe which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced ſingly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative ſtandards, without ever attempting to reach thoſe glorious elevations which conſtitute the only true heroiſm of the ſocial character. Religion, without this ſovereign principle, degenerates into a ſlaviſh fear, and wiſdom into a ſpecious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleaſing kind of madneſs. In a word, generoſity ſanctifies every paſſion, and adds grace to every acquiſition of

of the ſoul; and if it does not neceſſarily include, at leaſt it reflects a luſtre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

MELMOTH.

CHAP. XII.

ON TASTE.

THE charms of the fine arts are derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and conſtitution of the human mind. Accordingly the general principles of taſte are common to our whole ſpecies, and ariſe from that internal ſenſe of beauty which every man, in ſome degree at leaſt, evidently poſſeſſes. No rational mind can be ſo wholly void of all perceptions of this ſort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that ſurround him, with an equal coldneſs and indifference. There are certain forms which muſt neceſſarily fill the ſoul with agreeable ideas; and ſhe is inſtantly determined in approbation of them, previous to all reaſoning concerning their uſe and convenience. It is upon theſe general principles that what is called fine taſte in the arts is founded; and conſequently is by no means ſo precarious and unſettled an idea as you chuſe to deſcribe it. The truth is, taſte is nothing more than this univerſal ſenſe of beauty, rendered more exquiſite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the ſimple and original ideas of this ſort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole imitative and oratorical art is governed by the ſame general rules of criticiſm; and to prove the

certainty of these with respect to one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the criterion of taste, in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfection; and it would require a particular examination of the characters of each, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature, and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention, therefore, those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in their design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition, then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built, are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and ſtrengthened by exerciſe, the more the ſoul exerts this her internal ſenſe of beauty upon any particular object, the more ſhe will enlarge and refine her reliſh of that peculiar ſpecies. For this reaſon the works of thoſe great maſters, whoſe performances have long and generally been admired, ſupply a farther criterion of fine taſte, equally fixed and certain as that which is derived from Nature herſelf. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raiſing agreeable ſenſations of the intellectual kind: and therefore, as by examining thoſe original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what thoſe qualities are which conſtitute beauty in general; ſo by obſerving the peculiar conſtruction of thoſe compoſitions of genius which have always pleaſed, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in perſons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the teſt of the true ſublime; and he might with equal juſtice have extended the ſame criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant compoſition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great maſters of antiquity, is fixed upon juſt and ſolid reaſons: it is not becauſe Ariſtotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticiſm that we ſubmit to their authority; it is becauſe thoſe rules are derived from works that have been diſtinguiſhed by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earlieſt appearance down to this preſent hour. For whatever, through a long ſeries of ages, has been univerſally eſteemed beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our juſt and natural ideas of beauty.

MELMOTH.

CHAP. XIII.

On STYLE.

THE beauties of ſtyle ſeem to be generally conſidered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the trueſt refinement) when an excellence of this kind was eſteemed in the number of the politeſt accompliſhments, as it was the ambition of the great names of antiquity to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæſar, who was not only the greateſt hero, but the fineſt gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was deſirous of adding this talent to his other moſt ſhining endowments; and we are told he ſtudied the language of his own country with much application, as we are ſure he poſſeſſed it in the higheſt elegance. What a loſs is it to the literary world, that the treatiſe he wrote upon this ſubject is periſhed with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his obſervations, we are happily not without an inſtance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the beſt and brighteſt exemplar not only of true generalſhip, but of fine writing. He publiſhed them, indeed, only as materials for the uſe of thoſe who ſhould be diſpoſed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman ſtory; yet the purity and gracefulneſs of his ſtyle were ſuch, that no judicious writer durſt attempt to touch the ſubject after him.

Having produced ſo illuſtrious an inſtance in favour of the art of fine writing, it would be impertinent to add a ſecond,

a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his Dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity, will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries to truth? Nothing, indeed, contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory: as, on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, Mr. Addison, observes in one of his essays, that "there is as much difference between comprehending a thought cloathed in "Cicero's language, and that of an ordinary writer, as "between seeing an object by the light of a taper, and by "the light of the sun."

It is surely, then, a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well written piece is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart

by captivating the ear; in uniting roſes with the thorns of ſcience, and joining pleaſure with inſtruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine ſtyle, upon the ſame principle that it prefers regularity to confuſion, and beauty to deformity. A taſte of this ſort is ſo far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I ſhould rather conſider it as an evidence, in ſome degree, of the moral rectitude of its conſtitution, as it is a proof of its retaining ſome reliſh, at leaſt, of harmony and order.

One might be apt, indeed, to ſuſpect that certain writers amongſt us had conſidered all beauties of this ſort in the ſame gloomy view with Malbranche; or at leaſt that they avoided every refinement in ſtyle, as unworthy a lover of truth and philoſophy. Their ſentiments are ſunk by the loweſt expreſſions, and ſeem condemned to the firſt curſe of "creeping upon the ground all the days of their life." Others, on the contrary, miſtake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raiſe their expreſſions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehenſions, eſteeming it (one ſhould imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires ſome ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers are able to hit that true medium which lies between thoſe diſtant extremes! How ſeldom do we meet with an author whoſe expreſſions are glowing, but not glaring; whoſe metaphors are natural, but not common; whoſe periods are harmonious, but not poetical; in a word, whoſe ſentiments are well ſet, and ſhewn to the underſtanding in their trueſt and moſt advantageous luſtre!

MELMOTH.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

ON THINKING.

THERE is not a more ſingular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a ſucceſſion of ideas, which lightly ſkim over the mind, that can with any propriety be ſtiled by that denomination. It is obſerving them ſeparately and diſtinctly, and ranging them under their reſpective claſſes: it is calmly and ſteadily viewing our opinions on every ſide, and reſolutely tracing them through all their conſequences and connections, that conſtitutes the man of reflection, and diſtinguiſhes reaſon from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not ſeem to have formed any very conſiderable number of our ſpecies for an extenſive exerciſe of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are neceſſarily reſtrained within the ordinary purpoſes of animal life: but even if we look up to thoſe who move in much ſuperior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leiſure to exerciſe their underſtandings, we ſhall find, that thinking is one of the laſt exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obſtructions to check its juſt and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or leſs in the conſtitutions of moſt men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the ſoul unemployed; I mean, pride and indolence. To deſcend to truth through the tedious progreſſion of well-examined deductions, is conſidered as a reproach to the quickneſs of underſtanding; as it is by much too laborious a method for any but thoſe who are

poſſeſſed of a vigorous and reſolute activity of mind. For this reaſon the greater part of our ſpecies generally chuſe either to ſeize upon their concluſions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as beſt ſuiting with their vanity or their lazineſs. Accordingly Mr. Locke obſerves, that there are not ſo many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but becauſe the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about thoſe doctrines concerning which they raiſe the greateſt clamour. Like the common ſoldiers in any army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even inquiring, into the cauſe for which they ſo warmly contend.

This will account for the ſlow ſteps by which truth has advanced in the world on one ſide, and for thoſe abſurd ſyſtems which, at different periods, have had an univerſal currency on the other. For there is a ſtrange diſpoſition in human nature, either blindly to tread the ſame paths that have been traverſed by others, or to ſtrike out into the moſt devious extravagances; the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reaſon, or reaſon only from the wild ſuggeſtions of an heated imagination.

From the ſame ſource may be derived thoſe diviſions and animoſities which break the union both of public and private ſocieties, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourſe into diſſonance and contention: for while men judge and act by ſuch meaſures as have not been proved by the ſtandard of diſpaſſionate reaſon, they muſt equally be miſtaken in their eſtimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than in the civil world. The number of those writers who can with any justness of expression be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort, all critics, commentators, modern Latin poets, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject, for the same reason, such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius; though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses likewise who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection: for this reason I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the ancients are said to have produced. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections, could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think!

MELMOTH.

CHAP. XV.

On TRUTH.

"TRUTH" (to use the expression of the excellent Mr. Wollaston) "is the offspring of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often revised and corrected." It requires, indeed, great patience and resolution to dissipate that cloud of darkness which surrounds her (or, if you will allow me to go to an old philosopher for my allusion) to draw her up from that profound well in which she lies concealed.

There is, however, such a general connection in the operations of nature, that the discovery even of a single truth opens the way to numberless others; and when once the mind has hit upon a right scent, she cannot wholly pursue her inquiries in vain.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that after having exerted all our sagacity and industry, we shall scarce arrive at certainty in many speculative truths. Providence does not seem to have intended that we should ever be in possession of demonstrative knowledge beyond a very limited compass; though, at the same time it cannot be supposed, without the highest injustice to the benevolent Author of our natures, that he has left any necessary truths without evident notes of distinction. But while the powers of the mind are thus limited in their extent, and greatly fallible likewise in their operations, is it not amazing, that mankind should insult each other for difference in opinion, and treat every notion that opposes their own with obloquy and contempt? Is it not amazing that a creature with talents

talents so precarious and circumscribed, should usurp that confidence which can only belong to much superior beings, and claim a deference which is due to perfection alone? Surely the greatest arrogance that ever entered into the human heart, is that which not only pretends to be positive itself in points wherein the best and wisest have disagreed, but looks down with all the insolent superiority of contemptuous pity, on those whose impartial reasonings have led them into opposite conclusions.

There is nothing, perhaps, more evident, than that our intellectual faculties are not formed by one general standard, and, consequently, that diversity of opinion is of the very essence of our natures.

Happy had it been for the peace of the world, if our maintainers of systems either in religion or politics, had conducted their several debates with the full impression of this truth upon their minds. Genuine philosophy is ever, indeed, the least dogmatical; and I am always inclined to suspect the force of that argument which is obtruded with arrogance and sufficiency.

I am wonderfully pleased with a passage in the preface to Mr. Boyle's Philosophical Essays, and would recommend that cautious spirit by which he professes to have conducted himself in his physical researches, as worthy the imitation of enquirers after truth of every kind.

"Perhaps you will wonder," says he, "that in almost every one of the following essays I should use so often *perhaps*, *it seems*, *'tis not improbable*, as arguing a diffidence of the truth of the opinions I incline to; and that I should be so shy of laying down principles, and sometimes of so much as venturing at explications. But I must freely confess

confeſs, that having met with many things of which I could give myſelf no one probable cauſe, and ſome things of which ſeveral cauſes may be aſſigned, ſo differing as not to agree in any thing, unleſs in their being all of them probable enough: I have often found ſuch difficulties in ſearching into the cauſes and manner of things, and I am ſo ſenſible of my own diſability to ſurmount thoſe difficulties, that I dare ſpeak confidently and poſitively of very few things, except matter of fact. And when I venture to deliver any thing by way of opinion, I ſhould, if it were not for mere ſhame, ſpeak more diffidently than I have been wont to do. Nor have my thoughts been altogether idle—in forming notions, and attempting to deviſe hypotheſes. But I have hitherto (though not always, yet not unfrequently) found that what pleaſed me for a while, was ſoon after diſgraced by ſome farther or new experiment. And, indeed, I have the leſs envied many, (for I ſay not *all*) of thoſe writers who have taken upon them to deliver the cauſes of things, and explicate the myſteries of nature, ſince I have had opportunity to obſerve how many of their doctrines, after having been for a while applauded and even admired, have afterwards been confuted by ſome new phænomenon in nature, which was either unknown to ſuch writers, or not ſufficiently conſidered by them."

If poſitiveneſs could become any man in any point of mere ſpeculation, it muſt have been this truly noble philoſopher, when he was delivering the reſult of his ſtudies in a ſcience wherein, by the united confeſſion of the whole world, he ſo eminently excelled. But he had too much generoſity to preſcribe his own notions as a meaſure to the judgment of others, and too much good ſenſe to aſſert them with heat or confidence.

Whoever,

Whoever purſues his ſpeculations with this humble unarrogating temper of mind, and with the beſt exertion of thoſe faculties which Providence has aſſigned him, though he ſhould not find the conviction, never, ſurely, can he fail of the reward of truth.

MELMOTH.

CHAP. XVI.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

NOW had the ſon of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows unreſtrain'd
Where paſſion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at thoſe ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, firſt ſtrikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By juſt degrees; fair bloom of faireſt fruit:
For, if on youth's untainted thought impreſt,
The gen'rous purpoſe ſtill ſhall warm the manly breaſt.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For higheſt deeds now ripe, Alcides ſought
Retirement; nurſe of contemplation ſage;
Step following ſtep, and thought ſucceeding thought:
Muſing, with ſteady pace the youth purſu'd
His walk, and loſt in meditation ſtray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with ſolitude
Converſing; while intent his mind ſurvey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here virtue's rough aſcent, there pleaſure's flow'ry way.

Much

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breaſt with generous thirſt of fame;
Now love of eaſe to ſofter thoughts inclin'd
His yielding ſoul, and quench'd the riſing flame.
When, lo! far off two female forms he 'ſpies;
Direct to him their ſteps they ſeem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human ſize;
Both far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move:
This, ſtriking ſacred awe; that ſofter, winning love.

The firſt, in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd ſhe pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt, more white than new-fall'n ſnow, ſhe wore.
Auguſt ſhe trod, yet modeſt was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still ſhe drew near; and nearer ſtill more fair,
More mild appear'd: yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an awful fear;
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

The other dame ſeem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
But bold her mien: unguarded rov'd her eye:
And her fluſh'd cheeks confeſs'd at nearer view
The borrow'd bluſhes of an artful dye.
All ſoft and delicate, with airy ſwim
Lightly ſhe danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only ſeem'd to ſhade:
And as it flow'd adown, ſo looſe and thin,
Her ſtature ſhew'd more tall; more ſnowy-white, her ſkin.

Oft

Oft with a ſmile ſhe view'd herſelf aſkance;
Ev'n on her ſhade a conſcious look ſhe threw:
Then all around her caſt a careleſs glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly ſhe preſs'd
With haſty ſtep; nor of repulſe afraid,
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth addreſs'd;
With winning fondneſs on his neck ſhe hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus diſtract thy mind?
Securely follow, where I lead the way;
And range thro' wilds of pleaſure unconfin'd.
With me retire, from noiſe, and pain, and care;
Embath'd in bliſs, and wrapt in endleſs eaſe:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honour to the wretch! pleaſures were made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy ſoul's deſire;
All that may charm thine ear, and pleaſe thy ſight:
All that thy thought can frame, or wiſh require,
To ſteep thy raviſh'd ſenſes in delight.
The ſumptuous feaſt, enhanc'd with muſic's ſound;
Fitteſt to tune the melting ſoul to love:
Rich odours, breathing choiceſt ſweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, ſhady grove:
Freſh flowers, to ſtrew thy couch, and crown thy head;
Joy ſhall attend thy ſteps, and eaſe ſhall ſmooth thy bed.

Theſe

Theſe will I freely, conſtantly ſupply;
Pleaſures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe:
Far from thy reſt repining want ſhall fly;
Nor labour bathe in ſweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harveſt ſhall be thine;
Let the laborious hind ſubdue the ſoil:
Leave the raſh ſoldier ſpoils of war to win;
Won by the ſoldier thou ſhalt ſhare the ſpoil:
Theſe ſofter cares my bleſt allies employ,
New pleaſures to invent; to wiſh, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the ſmiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and liſten'd: then her name beſought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happineſs," ſhe ſaid.
"Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:
They ſhare my bliſs; they beſt can ſpeak my praiſe:
Tho' ſlander call me Sloth—detraction vain!
Heed not what ſlander, vain detracter, ſays:
Slander, ſtill prompt true merit to defame;
To blot the brighteſt worth, and blaſt the faireſt name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majeſtic maid:
(She all the while, with the ſame modeſt pace,
Compos'd advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," ſhe ſaid
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race;
Thy tender age that lov'd inſtruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wiſe;
When manhood ſhould confirm thy glorious choice:
Now expectation waits to ſee thee riſe,
Riſe, youth! exalt thyſelf, and me: approve
Thy high deſcent from heav'n; and dare be worthy Jove.

But

But what truth prompts, my tongue ſhall not diſguiſe;
The ſteep aſcent muſt be with toil ſubdu'd:
Watchings and cares muſt win the lofty prize
Propos'd by heav'n; true bliſs, and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone:
She ſpurns the timorous, indolent and baſe:
Danger and toil ſtand ſtern before her throne,
And guard (ſo Jove commands) the ſacred place:
Who ſeeks her muſt the mighty coſt ſuſtain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wou'dſt thou engage the gods' peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!
With a pure heart, with ſacrifice and pray'r
Attend their altars; and their aid implore.
Or wou'dſt thou gain thy country's loud applauſe,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold aſſerter of her cauſe;
Her voice, in council; in the fight, her ſword.
In peace, in war, purſue thy country's good:
For her, bare thy bold breaſt, and pour thy generous blood.

Wou'dſt thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppreſt,
In arts of war and matchleſs ſtrength excel?
Firſt conquer thou thyſelf. To eaſe, to reſt,
To each ſoft thought of pleaſure, bid farewel.
The night alternate, due to ſweet repoſe,
In watches waſte; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd, amidſt the rigorous winter's ſnows;
Scorch'd, by the ſummer's thirſt-inflaming ray.
Thy harden'd limbs ſhall boaſt ſuperior might:
Vigour ſhall brace thine arm, reſiſtleſs in the fight."

"Hear'ſt

"Hear'ſt thou, what monſters then thou muſt engage;
What danger, gentle youth, ſhe bids thee prove?"
(Abrupt ſays Sloth) "Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
To theſe I lead: no monſters here ſhall ſtay
Thine eaſy courſe; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliſs a nearer, ſmoother way.
Short is my way; fair, eaſy, ſmooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleaſures reign."

"What pleaſures, vain miſtaken wretch, are thine!"
(Virtue with ſcorn reply'd) "who ſleep'ſt in eaſe
Inſenſate; whoſe ſoft limbs the toil decline
That ſeaſons bliſs, and makes enjoyment pleaſe.
Draining the copious bowl, ere thirſt require;
Feaſting, ere hunger to the feaſt invite:
Whoſe taſteleſs joys anticipate deſire;
Whom luxury ſupplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her diſdain.

The ſparkling nectar cool'd with ſummer ſnows;
The dainty board, with choiceſt viands ſpread;
To thee are taſteleſs all! ſincere repoſe
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
Nor is thy ſleep with toil and labour bought;
Th' imperfect ſleep that lulls thy languid ſenſe
In dull oblivious interval of thought:
That kindly ſteals th' inactive hours away
From the long, ling'ring ſpace, that lengthens out the day.

From

From bounteous nature's unexhauſted ſtores
Flows the pure fountain of ſincere delights:
Averſe to her, you waſte the joyleſs hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals' bliſsful place;
For ever baniſh'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike diſgrac'd;
Rejected by the wiſe, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight
To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee!
Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,
Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.
Tho' lull'd with ſofteſt ſounds thou lieſt along;
Soft muſic, warbling voices, melting lays:
Ne'er didſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong
Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe!
No — To thy revels let the fool repair:
To ſuch, go ſmooth thy ſpeech; and ſpread thy tempting ſnare.

Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth, of follies; an old-age, of cares:
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wiſe;
Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend;
All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days,
With ſorrow, to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the preſent; of the paſt, aſham'd;
They live, and are deſpis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

But

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell:
Me, his ſupreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well-pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All or divine, or human, I inſpire.
Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reſide:
My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart;
The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
With me, true friendſhip dwells: ſhe deigns to bind
Thoſe generous ſouls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various coſtly feaſt;
Hunger to them th' effects of art ſupplies;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to reſt;
Sweet is their ſleep: light, cheerful, ſtrong they riſe.
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleaſure and renown,
They tread my paths; and by a ſoft deſcent,
At length to age all gently ſinking down,
Look back with tranſport on a life well-ſpent:
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which, ſome generous deed diſtinguiſh'd every day.

And when, the deſtin'd term at length compleat
Their aſhes reſt in peace; eternal fame
Sounds wide their praiſe: triumphant over fate,
In ſacred ſong, for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happineſs! obey
My voice, and live. Let thy celeſtial birth
Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame; and raiſes thee from earth
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy ſteps. Ariſe,
Purſue the glorious path; and claim thy native ſkies."

Her

Her words breathe fire celeſtial, and impart
New vigour to his ſoul; that ſudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:
The miſt of error from his eyes diſpell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts in cleareſt light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd ſhe ſtood, confeſs'd before his ſight:
Falſe Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that ſhone
So freſh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the roſy bloom in ſweet diſguiſe
Maſks her diſſembled looks: each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale ſickneſs clouds her eyes
Livid and ſunk, and paſſions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while diſplay'd
Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently ſteal away:
Where ſhone the beauteous phantom erſt ſo bright,
Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the ſight.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
Diſclos'd new charms; more lovely, more ſerene;
Beaming ſweet influence. A milder ſmile
Soften'd the terrors of her loſty mien.
"Lead, goddeſs, I am thine! (tranſported cry'd
Alcides:) O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! poſſeſs my ſoul; be thou my guide:
From thee, O never, never let me ſtray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows addreſs'd;
With all the goddeſs fill'd, already glow'd his breaſt.

The

The heav'nly maid, with ſtrength divine endu'd
His daring ſoul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm conſtancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undiſmay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fierceſt monſters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
He freed the earth: thro' her, he gain'd the ſkies.
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the bleſt abode;
Crown'd, with eternal youth: among the gods, a god.

SPENCE.

CHAP. XVII.

VARIETY IN HUMAN CHARACTERS.

VIRTUOUS and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;

And

nd build on wants, and on defects of mind,
he joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
. master, or a servant, or a friend,
ids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Vants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy, in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion, ev'ry age supply;
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

Pope.

CHAP. XVIII.

PHILOSOPHICAL MELANCHOLY.

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoftened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.

Ten

Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high. Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the ſocial Offſpring of the heart.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XIX.

CONTEMPLATION.

AS yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THOMSON.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF DEITY.

IS THERE A GOD?——It is a queſtion of infinite moment, on the ſolution of which depend every obligation, and every conſolation of religion. It is a queſtion, however, which it is unneceſſary to involve in the perplexity of abſtruſe ſpeculation, ſince it may be determined by a ſingle argument, which is ſo obvious as to be intelligible to every capacity, and withal ſo concluſive, that the whole weight of the great cauſe of religion may be ſafely reſted upon it.

No man obſerves the conſtruction of a clock, or other piece of mechaniſm, without immediately concluding it to be the production of ſome ingenious artiſt. And this concluſion is the ſame, whether it be deduced from the relation which the mind perceives between the ideas of a work and a workman, an act and an agent, in any particular caſe,

or referred to an univerſal axiom, grounded on the obſervation of many individual caſes in which it is exemplified. When a vulgar ſpectator infers from the marks of deſign and ingenuity which any ſpecies of manufacture diſcovers, that there muſt have been ſome mechanic employed in producing it;—when the ſame obſerver ſo far generaliſes his ideas as to remark, that every work ſuppoſes a workman;—and when the philoſopher, who has accuſtomed himſelf to contemplate the ideas of ſenſible objects abſtractedly, maintains that every effect muſt have a cauſe, and that every effect which bears evident marks of deſign, muſt have a deſigning or intelligent cauſe;—the mind, in each caſe, paſſes through the ſame operation; the ſame relation of ideas is obſerved; and the ſame concluſion is drawn, perhaps with preciſely the ſame degree of conviction: for no general truth is more evident than any particular truth comprehended in it.

All the refinements of philoſophy can add nothing to the clearneſs and certainty with which the mind perceives, that an effect ſuppoſes a cauſe; that an action implies an agent; and that appearances of deſign and contrivance in any production, with a view to ſome end, are unqueſtionable indications of the exiſtence of ſome being, who was poſſeſſed of intelligence and ſkill equal to the effect produced. Nor can all the ſubtleties of metaphyſical ſophiſtry deſtroy the perception which the mind has of theſe relations, or render their exiſtence problematical. The moſt uncultivated underſtanding muſt ſee, and the moſt ingenious ſceptic will find it impoſſible, on any ground of ſolid argument, to deny, that every work which bears evident marks of deſign, and is adapted to anſwer ſome purpoſe, muſt be produced by an intelligent cauſe.

Apply

Apply this obvious principle to the great operations of nature. Obſerve, for example, the ſtructure and growth of a plant. Remark the variety of delicate fibres of which it is compoſed, the diſtinct forms of the ſeveral parts, their mutual relations, the regular and compleat whole which is produced by their combination, and the proviſion which is made for their production, nouriſhment and growth. Contemplate the amazing diverſity of *genera* and ſpecies, and the nice gradations from one genus, and from one ſpecies, to another, which the ſcientific ſtudy of this part of nature has diſcovered. From the vegetable, turn your attention to the animal world, and obſerve, diſplayed in a ſtill more wonderful manner, perfection of form, variety of ſpecies, and mutual relation and dependence. Behold every animal provided with abundant internal ſources, and external means, of life and enjoyment. Survey the curious ſtructure of that complex machine an animal body, in which the ſeveral parts are exactly adjuſted to each other, and combined in the moſt perfect harmony, to carry on the ſeveral functions of animal life. Recollect, that combinations of theſe materials, ſimilar in the great outline, but infinitely diverſified in the ſubordinate parts, form that countleſs multitude of animals which people the earth.

After this general review of the productions of nature, let reaſon judge, whether ſuch regular, yet diverſified, forms could be produced, without the agency of a deſigning intelligence. If the ear be admirably conſtructed for hearing, and the eye for ſeeing, the ear and the eye were ſurely formed by a Being who intended that animals ſhould hear and ſee—that is, are the effect of an intelligent cauſe. It ſhould ſeem impoſſible to obſerve, in theſe and other inſtances, the tendencies of the various parts of nature to

accompliſh certain ends, without the fulleſt conviction, that there is ſome active Power or Being, by whom theſe ends are perceived, and who conducts the operations of nature with the intention of accompliſhing them. Upon every page in the volume of nature, is written, in characters which all may read and underſtand, this great truth, THERE IS A GOD.

CHAP. II.

ON DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

I AM informed that certain Greek writers (*Philoſophers*, it ſeems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced ſome very extraordinary poſitions relating to friendſhip; as, indeed, what ſubject is there, which theſe ſubtle geniuſes have not tortured with their ſophiſtry?

The authors to whom I refer, diſſuade their diſciples from entering into any ſtrong attachments, as unavoidably creating ſupernumerary diſquietudes to thoſe who engage in them: and as every man has more than ſufficient to call forth his ſolicitude, in the courſe of his own affairs; it is a weakneſs, they contend, anxiouſly to involve himſelf in the concerns of others. They recommend it alſo in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely looſe; ſo as always to have it in one's power to ſtraiten or relax them, as circumſtances and ſituations ſhall render moſt expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an eſſential ingredient, to conſtitute human happineſs; but an ingredient, however, which he who voluntarily

rily diſtreſſes himſelf with cares in which he has no neceſ-
ry and perſonal intereſt, muſt never hope to poſſeſs."

I have been told likewiſe, that there is another ſet of
retended philoſophers of the ſame country, whoſe tenets
oncerning this ſubject, are of a ſtill more illiberal and un-
enerous caſt.

The propoſition they attempt to eſtabliſh, is, that "friend-
hip is an affair of ſelf-intereſt entirely, and that the proper
notive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the
ind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that
ſiſtance and ſupport which is to be derived from the con-
ection." Accordingly they aſſert, that thoſe perſons are
noſt diſpoſed to have recourſe to *auxiliary* alliances of this
kind, who are leaſt qualified by nature, or fortune, to de-
pend upon their own ſtrength and powers; the weaker ſex,
or inſtance, being generally more inclined to engage in
friendſhips, than the male part of our ſpecies; and thoſe
who are depreſt by indigence or labouring under miſ-
fortunes, than the wealthy and the proſperous.

Excellent and obliging ſages theſe, undoubtedly! To
ſtrike out the friendly affections from the moral world,
would be like extinguiſhing the ſun in the natural; each
of them being the ſource of the beſt and moſt grateful
ſatisfactions, that Heaven has conferred on the ſons of
men. But I ſhould be glad to know what the real value
of this boaſted exemption from care, which they promiſe
their diſciples, juſtly amounts to? an exemption flattering
to ſelf-love, I confeſs; but which, upon many occurrences
in human life, ſhould be rejected with the utmoſt diſdain.
For nothing, ſurely, can be more inconſiſtent with a well-
poiſed and manly ſpirit, than to decline engaging in any

laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an essential property of every well-constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom; (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not say between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the soul against all the softer impressions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise: a truly good man is upon many occasions extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or shrinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole then, it may fairly be concluded; that as in the case of virtue, so in that of friend-

ship,

ip, thoſe painful ſenſations which may ſometimes be roduced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally ſufficient grounds for excluding either of them from king poſſeſſion of our boſoms.

They who inſiſt that "utility is the firſt and prevailing notive, which induces mankind to enter into particular riendſhips," appear to me to diveſt the aſſociation of its moſt amiable and engaging principle. For to a mind ightly diſpoſed, it is not ſo much the benefits received, s the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives hem their beſt and moſt valuable recommendation. It is ſo far indeed from being verified by fact, that a ſenſe of our wants is the original cauſe of forming theſe amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is obſervable, that none have been more diſtinguiſhed in their friendſhips than thoſe whoſe power and opulence, but above all, whoſe ſuperior virtue (a much firmer ſupport) have raiſed them above every neceſſity of having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of others.

The true diſtinction, then, in this queſtion is, that "although friendſhip is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendſhip." Thoſe ſelfiſh ſenſualiſts therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, preſume to maintain the reverſe, have ſurely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the ſubject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can beſtow, if offered to him upon the ſevere terms of his being unconnected with a ſingle mortal whom he could love, or by whom he ſhould be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a deteſted

tyrant, who, amidſt perpetual ſuſpicions and alarms, paſſes his miſerable days a ſtranger to every tender ſentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt ſatisfactions of friendſhip.

CICERO.

CHAP. III.

THE FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be conſidered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune expoſes to our view various commodities, riches, eaſe, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a ſettled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is ſo much ready money which we are to lay out to the beſt advantage. Examine, compare, chuſe, reject; but ſtand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchaſed one thing, repine that you do not poſſeſs another which you did not purchaſe. Such is the force of well-regulated induſtry, that a ſteady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally inſure ſucceſs. Would you, for inſtance, be rich? Do you think that ſingle point worth the ſacrificing every thing elſe to? You may then be rich. Thouſands have become ſo from the loweſt beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minuteſt articles of expence and profit. But you muſt give up the pleaſures of leiſure, of a vacant mind, of a free unſuſpicious temper. If you preſerve your integrity, it muſt be a coarſe-ſpun and vulgar honeſty. Thoſe high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the ſchools muſt be conſiderably lowered, and mixed with the baſer alloy of

of a jealous, and worldly-minded prudence. You muſt learn to do hard, if not unjuſt, things; and for the nice embarraſſments of a delicate and ingenuous ſpirit, it is neceſſary for you to get rid of them as faſt as poſſible. You muſt ſhut you heart againſt the Muſes, and be content to feed your underſtanding with plain, houſehold truths. In ſhort, you muſt not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or poliſh your taſte, or refine your ſentiments; but muſt keep on in one beaten track, without turning aſide either to the right hand or to the left.—"But I cannot ſubmit to drudgery like this—I feel a ſpirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchaſed—by ſteady application, and long ſolitary hours of ſtudy and reflection. Beſtow theſe, and you ſhall be wiſe. "But" (ſays the man of letters) "what a hardſhip is it that many an illiterate fellow who cannot conſtrue the motto of the arms of his coach ſhall raiſe a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" Was it in order to raiſe a fortune, that you conſumed the ſprightly hours of youth in ſtudy and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and diſtilled the ſweetneſs from the Greek and Roman ſpring? You have then miſtaken your path, and ill employed your induſtry. "What reward have I then for all my labours?" What reward! A large comprehenſive ſoul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flouriſhing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhauſtible ſtores of entertainment and reflection. A

perpetual

perpetual ſpring of freſh ideas; and the conſcious dignity of ſuperior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you aſk beſides?

"But is it not ſome reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that ſuch a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, ſhould have amaſſed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the leaſt. He made himſelf a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conſcience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and bluſh in his preſence, becauſe he outſhines you in equipage and ſhow? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and ſay to yourſelf, "I have not theſe things, it is true; but it is becauſe I have not ſought, becauſe I have not deſired them; it is becauſe I poſſeſs ſomething better: I have choſen my lot; I am content and ſatisfied."

You are a modeſt man—You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reſerve in your temper which renders it impoſſible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modeſt retirement, with the eſteem of your intimate friends, with the praiſes of a blameleſs heart, and a delicate ingenuous ſpirit; but reſign the ſplendid diſtinctions of the world to thoſe who can better ſcramble for them.

The man whoſe tender ſenſibility of conſcience and ſtrict regard to the rules of morality makes him ſcrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the diſadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over ſome nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of thoſe about me, I might ſtand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment."

preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from diſcarding this troubleſome ſcrupuloſity of yours, which ſtands ſo grievouſly in your way? If it be a ſmall thing to enjoy a healthful mind, ſound at the very core, that does not ſhrink from the keeneſt inſpection; inward freedom from remorſe and perturbation; unſullied whiteneſs and ſimplicity of manners; a genuine integrity

Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind;

if you think theſe advantages an inadequate recompenſe for what you reſign, diſmiſs your ſcruples this inſtant, and be a ſlave-merchant, a director, or—what you pleaſe.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. IV.

THE PERFECTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

ASK for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the roſe, renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No

"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made

Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to their ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond his kind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Against SELFISHNESS.

HAS God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divine her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,

Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

POPE.

BOOK IV.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

CHAP. I.

MANLIUS TO HIS SON.

SINCE you, Titus Manlius! forgetful of the reverence due to the conſular and paternal authority, have fought with the enemy out of your rank, contrary to our expreſs command, and thereby, as far as in you lay, have diſſolved that military diſcipline which has hitherto ſupported the Roman ſtate, and have reduced me to the neceſſity of diſregarding either the public or my own family; it is juſt that we ſhould ſuffer for our own crime, rather than that the commonwealth ſhould pay the forfeit for us, to its own great detriment. We ſhall afford a ſad but ſalutary example to the youth of future times. I cannot but be moved on this occaſion, not only on account of the natural affection which every man bears to his children,

but

but through regard to that ſpecimen of early valour you have exhibited, though deceived by a falſe appearance of glory. Yet ſince the conſular authority is either to receive a perpetual ſanction by your death, or to be for ever abrogated by your impunity; I cannot ſuppoſe that even yourſelf, if any of my blood flows in your veins, would refuſe to repair by your puniſhment that breach in military diſcipline which your fault has made. Go, lictor, bind him to the ſtake.

LIVY.

CHAP. II.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA TO KING PORSENA.

I AM a Roman citizen—my name Mucius. My purpoſe was to kill an enemy. Nor am I leſs prepared to undergo the puniſhment, than I was to perpetrate the deed. To do and to ſuffer bravely is a Roman's part. Neither am I the only perſon thus affected towards you. There is a long liſt of competitors for the ſame honour. If, therefore, you chuſe to confront the danger of ſetting your life every hour at hazard, prepare yourſelf—you will have the foe in the very porch of your palace. This is the kind of war that the Roman youth declare againſt you. You have nothing to fear in the field. The combat is againſt you alone, and every individual is your antagoniſt.

LIVY.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

THE will of the Gods, your valour, and good fortune have this day put us entirely in your power. But if it be permitted a captive to lift up a ſupplicating voice to the lord of her life, to embrace his knees, and touch his conquering hand, I beg and intreat, by the regal dignity which we, too, lately poſſeſſed; by the Numidian name, which Syphax ſhared with you; by the Deities of this royal manſion, (may they prove more propitious to you than they have to him!) that you would grant this one favour to a wretched ſuppliant:—not to ſubject me to the cruel and imperious dominion of a Roman; but to determine the fate of your priſoner according to your own pleaſure. Had I been no other than the wife of Syphax, I would rather commit myſelf to the faith of a Numidian, and, like myſelf, a native of Africa, than to that of a ſtranger and a foreigner. What a Carthaginian, what the daughter of Aſdrubal has to apprehend from a Roman, yourſelf may judge. Oh! if it be no otherwiſe poſſible, deliver me, I beſeech and implore you, from the Roman power, by death.

LIVY.

CHAP. IV.

SCIPIO TO THE ROMANS.

ON this day, tribunes and Roman citizens! I gained a ſignal victory in Africa over Hannibal and the Carthaginians. Since, then, ſuch a day ought to be free from

from ſtriſe and litigation, I ſhall immediately go from hence to the Capitol to pay my adorations to the higheſt Jove, to Juno, Minerva, and the other deities who preſide over the ſacred citadel; and I ſhall return them thanks, that both on this day, and many times beſide, they have inſpired me with the ſpirit and ability of doing eſſential ſervice to the republic. Let ſuch of you, too, as have leiſure, accompany me; and pray the gods that you may ever have leaders like myſelf. For, as from the term of ſeventeen years to the decline of life you have always outgone my age by the honours conferred on me, ſo I have anticipated your honours by my actions.

LIVY.

CHAP. V.

DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS AGAINST PHILIP.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on ſome new ſubject of debate, I had waited, until moſt of the uſual perſons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing propoſed by them, I ſhould have continued ſilent: if not, I had then attempted to ſpeak my ſentiments. But ſince thoſe very points on which theſe ſpeakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be conſidered; though I have ariſen firſt, I preſume I may expect your pardon: for if they on former occaſions had adviſed the neceſſary meaſures, you would not have found it needful to conſult at preſent.

Firſt then, Athenians! theſe our affairs muſt not be thought deſperate; no, though their ſituation ſeems entirely

tirely deplorable. For the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of all our paſt conduct, is really the moſt favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cauſe of all our preſent difficulties. For were we thus diſtreſſed, in ſpite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our ſtate demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect, (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourſelves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long ſince poſſeſſed; and with what reſolution, with what dignity you diſdained to act unworthy of the ſtate, but maintained the war againſt them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention theſe things? That you may know, that you may ſee, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, you can have nothing to fear; that if once remiſs, nothing can happen agreeable to your deſires: witneſs the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a juſt attention to your intereſts enabled you to vanquiſh: and this man's late inſolent attempt, which our inſenſibility to all our great concerns hath made the cauſe of this confuſion.

If there is a man in this aſſembly who thinks that we muſt find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand, the numerous armies which ſurround him; and on the other, the weakneſs of the ſtate thus deſpoiled of its dominions; he thinks juſtly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we poſſeſſed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of the ſtates now ſubjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reaſoned in the ſame manner, "How ſhall I dare to attack the Athenians, whoſe

"garriſons

"garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of "all assistance!" he would not have engaged in those enterprizes which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in subjection: some, by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen! will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments: if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand: if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field: in one word, if you will be yourselves; and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) will regain your dominions, recal those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a God, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind; nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true

they lie concealed at preſent, as our indolence deprives them of all reſource. But let us ſhake off this indolence! for you ſee how we are ſituated; you ſee the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you ſhall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a ſtrain of the higheſt extravagance: and is not able to reſt ſatisfied with his preſent acquiſitions, but is ever in purſuit of farther conqueſts; and while we ſit down, inactive and irreſolute, incloſes us on all ſides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When rouſed by ſome event? When forced by ſome neceſſity? What then are we to think of our preſent condition? To freemen, the diſgrace attending on miſconduct, is, in my opinion, the moſt urgent neceſſity. Or ſay, is it your ſole ambition to wander through the public places, one inquiring of another, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a Man of Macedon ſhould conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—"Is Philip dead?—No, but in great danger."—How are you concerned in thoſe rumours? Suppoſe he ſhould meet ſome fatal ſtroke: you would ſoon raiſe up another Philip, if your intereſts are thus diſregarded. For it is not to his own ſtrength that he ſo much owes his elevation, as to our ſupineneſs. And ſhould ſome accident affect him, ſhould fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the ſtate, than we ourſelves, now repeat her favours; (and may ſhe thus crown them!) be aſſured of this, that by being on the ſpot, ready to take advantage of the confuſion, you will every where be abſolute maſters: but in your preſent diſpoſition, even if a favourable juncture ſhould preſent you with Amphipolis, you could not take poſſeſſion

of

of it, while this ſuſpenſe prevails in your deſigns and in your councils.

Some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the deſtruction of Thebes, and the diſſolution of ſome free ſtates. Others aſſure us, he hath ſent an embaſſy to the King; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our ſeveral tales. I do believe indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatneſs, and does entertain his imagination with many ſuch viſionary proſpects, as he ſees no power riſing to oppoſe him, and is elated with his ſucceſs. But I cannot be perſuaded that he hath ſo taken his meaſures, that the weakeſt among us know what he is next to do; for it is the weakeſt among us who ſpread theſe rumours.—Let us diſregard them: let us be perſuaded of this; that he is our enemy, that he hath ſpoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been ſubject to his inſolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved againſt us, and that all the reſource left, is in ourſelves, that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage him here—let us be perſuaded of this, and then we ſhall come to a proper determination, then we ſhall be freed from theſe idle tales. For we are not to be ſolicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unleſs you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

DEMOSTHENES.

CHAP. VI.

DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS CONCERNING THE REGULATION OF THE STATE.

YOU aſk, Athenians, "What real advantage have we derived from the ſpeeches of Demoſthenes? He riſes when he thinks proper: he deafens us with his harangues: he declaims againſt the degeneracy of preſent times: he tells us of the virtues of our anceſtors: he tranſports us by his airy extravagance: he puffs up our vanity: and then ſits down."—But, could theſe my ſpeeches once gain an effectual influence upon your minds, ſo great would be the advantages conferred upon my country, that were I to attempt to ſpeak them, they would appear to many as viſionary. Yet ſtill I muſt aſſume the merit of doing ſome ſervice, by accuſtoming you to hear ſalutary truths. And if your counſellors be ſolicitous for any point of moment to their country, let them firſt cure your ears; for they are diſtempered: and this, from the inveterate habit of liſtening to falſehoods, to every thing, rather than your real intereſts.

Thus it lately happened—Let no man interrupt me: let me have a patient hearing—that ſome perſons broke into the treaſury. The ſpeakers all inſtantly exclaimed, "Our free conſtitution is overturned: our laws are no more!" And now, ye men of Athens! judge, if I ſpeak with reaſon. They, who are guilty of this crime, juſtly deſerve to die; but by ſuch offenders our conſtitution is not overturned. Again ſome oars have been ſtolen from our arſenal.—"Stripes and tortures for the villain! our conſtitution

ſtitution is ſubverted!" This is the general cry. But what is my opinion? This criminal, like the others, hath deſerved to die: but, if ſome are criminal, our conſtitution is not therefore ſubverted. There is no man who dares openly and boldly to declare, in what caſe our conſtitution is ſubverted. But I ſhall declare it. When you, Athenians! become a helpleſs rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity; when either general, or any other perſon, hath the leaſt reſpect for your decrees. When no man dares to inform you of this your condition, to urge the neceſſary reformation, much leſs, to exert his efforts to effect it: then is your conſtitution ſubverted. And this is now the caſe.

But, O my fellow-citizens! a language of a different nature hath poured in upon us; falſe, and highly dangerous to the ſtate. Such is that aſſertion, that in your tribunals is your great ſecurity; that your right of ſuffrage is the real bulwark of the conſtitution. That theſe tribunals are our common reſource in all private conteſts, I acknowledge. But, it is by arms we are to ſubdue our enemies, by arms we are to defend our ſtate. It is not by our decrees that we can conquer. To thoſe, on the contrary, who fight our battles with ſucceſs, to thoſe we owe the power of decreeing, of tranſacting all our affairs, without controul or danger. In arms, then, let us be terrible; in our judicial tranſactions, humane.

If it be obſerved, that theſe ſentiments are more elevated than might be expected from my character, the obſervation, I confeſs, is juſt. Whatever is ſaid about a ſtate of ſuch dignity, upon affairs of ſuch importance, ſhould appear more elevated than any character. To your worth ſhould it correſpond, not to that of the ſpeaker.

And now I shall inform you, why none of those who stand high in your esteem, speak in the same manner. The candidates for office and employment go about soliciting your voices, the slaves of popular favour. To gain the rank of general, is each man's great concern; not to fill this station with true manlike intrepidity. Courage, if he possesses it, he deems unnecessary: for, thus he reasons: he has the honour, the renown of this city to support him; he finds himself free from oppression and controul; he needs but to amuse you with fair hopes; and, thus, he secures a kind of inheritance in your emoluments. And he reasons truly. But, do you yourselves, once, assume the conduct of your own affairs; and then, as you take an equal share of duty, so shall you acquire an equal share of glory. Now, your ministers and public speakers, without one thought of directing you faithfully to your true interests, resign themselves entirely to these generals. Formerly you divided into Classes, in order to raise the supplies: now the business of the Classes is to gain the management of public affairs. The orator is the leader; the general seconds his attempts; the Three Hundred are the assistants on each side; and all others take their parties, and serve to fill up the several factions. And you see the consequences: this man gains a statue; this amasses a fortune; one or two command the state; while you sit down unconcerned witnesses of their success; and, for an uninterrupted course of ease and indolence, give them up those great and glorious advantages, which really belong to you.

DEMOSTHENES

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

MICIPSA TO JUGURTHA.

YOU know, Jugurtha! that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless, and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom; in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war, has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more

perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among ſtrangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwiſe, it is weak. For by agreement a ſmall ſtate increaſes: by diviſion a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha! who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no miſconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference ſhould ariſe between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggreſſor, becauſe your years and abilities give you the ſuperiority. But I firmly perſuade myſelf, that you will treat them with kindneſs, and that they will honour and eſteem you, as your diſtinguiſhed virtue deſerves.

SALLUST.

CHAP. VIII.

ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

IT is known to you, that king Micipſa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge, to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjointly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal, and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us, to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us, to uſe our beſt endeavours, to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war: aſſuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence againſt all enemies, and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

While

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how we ſhould regulate ourſelves according to the direction of our deceaſed father, Jugurtha, the moſt infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country; though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſſiniſſa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened, by the conſideration, that I find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſſiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deſerve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdenſome, before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeſerved miſery—a once powerful prince, the deſcendant of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſſity of begging foreign aſſiſtance, againſt an enemy, who has ſeized my throne and my kingdom—if my unequalled diſtreſſes were all I had to plead; it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiter of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the ſenate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors; and, from which, my grandfather, and my father, under your protection, expelled Syphax and the

Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverſe of fortune! O father Micipſa! Is this the conſequence of your generoſity; that he, whom your goodneſs raiſed to an equality with your own children, ſhould be the murderer of your children? Muſt, then, the royal houſe of Numidia always be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks: our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance. While we were ſo circumſtanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But, inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood! and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom!

Whither—oh! whither ſhall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized, by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue, in my blood, thoſe hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſſiſtance, to any other court; from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy ſon. Were my brother alive, our mutual ſympathy would be ſome alleviation.

ation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand, which ſhould have been the laſt to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he ſuſpected to be in my intereſt. Some have been deſtroyed by the lingering torment of the croſs. Others have been given a prey to wild beaſts; and their anguiſh made the ſport of men, more cruel than wild beaſts. If there be any yet alive, they are ſhut up in dungeons; there to drag out a life, more intolerable than death itſelf.

Look down, illuſtrious ſenators of Rome! from that height of power, to which you are raiſed, on the unexampled diſtreſſes of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcaſt from all mankind. Let not the crafty inſinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not liſten to the wretch, who has butchered the ſon and relations of a king, who gave him power to ſit on the ſame throne with his own children.—I have been informed, that he labours, by his emiſſaries, to prevent your determining any thing againſt him in his abſence; pretending, that I magnify my diſtreſs; and that I might, for him, have ſtaid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time come, when the due vengeance from above ſhall overtake him, he will then diſſemble in the very ſame manner as I do. Then he, who, now, hardened in wickedneſs, triumphs over thoſe whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel diſtreſs; and ſuffer, for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirſty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O deareſt to my heart! now gone for ever from my ſight! But, why ſhould I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of

the bleſſed light of heaven, of life and kingdom, at once, by the very perſon, who ought to have been the firſt to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipſa's family: but, as things now are, my brother is not ſo much deprived of theſe comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endleſs train of miſeries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and feſtering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miſeries which rend my ſoul with agony and diſtraction; whilſt I am ſet up a ſpectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not maſter of the means of ſecuring my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the uſurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection, for my own perſon.

Fathers! ſenators of Rome! the arbiters of the world! to you I fly, for refuge, from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is ſacred; and all that is dear to you! deliver a wretched prince, from undeſerved, unprovoked injury: and ſave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, uſurpation, and cruelty.

SALLUST.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.

I Congratulate you, my brave countrymen, and fellow-ſoldiers! on the ſpirit and ſucceſs with which you have executed this important part of our enterpriſe. The formidable *Heights of Abraham* are now ſurmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now ſtands in full view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exaſperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppoſe you on equal ground, are now conſtrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to ſhelter them.

You know too well the forces which compoſe their army to dread their ſuperior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and ſickneſs, who when freſh were unable to withſtand Britiſh ſoldiers, are their General's chief dependence. Thoſe numerous companies of Canadians, inſolent, mutinous, unſteady and ill diſciplined, have exerciſed his utmoſt ſkill to keep them together to this time; and as ſoon as their irregular ardour is damped by one firm fire, they will inſtantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the purſuit. As for thoſe ſavage tribes of Indians, whoſe horrid yells in the foreſts have ſtruck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and ſcalping-knife to a flying and proſtrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by reſolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only conſider them as the juſt objects of a ſevere revenge for the unhappy fate of many ſlaughtered countrymen.

This

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a ſiege which has ſo long employed your courage and patience. Poſſeſſed with a full confidence of the certain ſucceſs which Britiſh valour muſt gain over ſuch enemies, I have led you up theſe ſteep and dangerous rocks; only ſolicitous to ſhew you the foe within your reach. The impoſſibility of a retreat makes no difference in the ſituation of men reſolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conqueſt could be bought with the blood of your general, he would moſt cheerfully reſign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

CHAP. X.

To ART.

O ART! thou diſtinguiſhing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate Nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Poſſeſſed of thee, the meaneſt genius grows deſerving, and has a juſt demand for a portion of our eſteem: devoid of thee, the brighteſt of our kind lie loſt and uſeleſs, and are but poorly diſtinguiſhed from the moſt deſpicable and baſe. When we inhabited foreſts in common with brutes, nor otherwiſe known from them, than by the figure of our ſpecies, thou taughteſt us to aſſert the ſovereignty of our nature, and to aſſume that empire, for which Providence intended us. Thouſands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thouſands of elegancies, pleaſures and joys, without which, life itſelf would be but an inſipid poſſeſſion.

Wide

Wide and extenſive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either ſo violent or ſo ſubtile, ſo yielding or ſo ſluggiſh, as, by the powers of its nature, to be ſuperior to thy direction. Thou dreadeſt not the fierce impetuoſity of fire, but compelleſt its violence to be both obedient and uſeful. By it, thou ſofteneſt the ſtubborn tribe of minerals, ſo as to be formed and moulded into ſhapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin: and, previous to theſe and other thy works and energies, hence all thoſe various tools and inſtruments, which impower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the ſubtile air leſs obedient to thy power; whether thou willeſt it to be a miniſter to our pleaſure, or utility. At thy command, it giveth birth to ſounds, which charm the ſoul with all the powers of harmony. Under thy inſtruction, it moves the ſhips over the ſeas; while that yielding element, where, otherwiſe, we ſink, even water itſelf, is by thee, taught to bear us; the vaſt ocean to promote that intercourſe of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was deſtined to intercept. To ſay how thy influence is ſeen on earth, would be to teach the meaneſt what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and paſture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations; cottages, villages, caſtles, towns; palaces, temples, and ſpacious cities.

Nor does thy empire end in ſubjects thus inanimate. Its power alſo extends through the various race of animals; who, either patiently ſubmit to become thy ſlaves, or are ſure to find thee an irreſiſtible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horſe, and the mighty elephant, are content, all, to receive their inſtructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural inſtincts or ſtrength, to

perform

perform thoſe offices, which thy occaſions call for. If there be found any ſpecies, which are ſerviceable when dead, thou ſuggeſteſt the means to inveſtigate and take them: if any be ſo ſavage as to refuſe being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teacheſt us to ſcorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, purſue, and conquer.

Such, O Art! is thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on theſe inferior ſubjects, on natures inanimate, or, at beſt, irrational. But, whenever thou chooſeſt a ſubject more noble, and employeſt thyſelf in cultivating the mind itſelf, then it is thou becomeſt truly amiable and divine, the ever-flowing ſource of thoſe ſublimer beauties, of which no ſubject, but mind alone, is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind, the admired tribe of poets and orators; the ſacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike liſt of philoſophers and legiſlators; the forms of virtuous and equal polities, where private welfare is made the ſame with public, where crowds themſelves prove diſintereſted, and virtue is made a national and popular characteriſtic.

Hail! ſacred ſource of all theſe wonders! Thyſelf inſtruct me, to praiſe thee worthily; through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do, is ever graceleſs and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name ſhall I addreſs thee? Shall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly Mind itſelf? 'Tis Mind thou art, moſt perfect Mind: not rude, untaught; but fair, and poliſhed: in ſuch thou dwelleſt; of ſuch thou art the form; nor is it a thing more poſſible, to ſeparate thee from ſuch, than it would be, to ſeparate thee from thy own exiſtence.

HARRIS.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

TO THE SEA.

HAIL! thou inexhauſtible ſource of wonder and contemplation!—Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whoſe waves chaſe one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary ſpace, are immerged for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuating waters waſh the varied ſhores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious! how awful are the ſcenes thou diſplayeſt!—Whether we view thee when every wind is huſhed,—when the morning ſun ſilvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled boſom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens!—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—when the black tempeſt ſweeps thy ſwelling billows, and the boiling ſurge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the ſtorm,—and humanity drops a fruitleſs tear for the toiling mariner whoſe heart is ſinking with diſmay!—

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *ſurface* alone we view—Who can penetrate the ſecrets of thy wide domain?—What eye can viſit thy immenſe rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?—Or ſearch out the myriads of objects, whoſe beauties lie ſcattered over thy dread abyſs?

The mind ſtaggers with the immenſity of her own conceptions,—and when ſhe contemplates the flux and reflux of

of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does ſhe ſhrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations ſo ſure, and whoſe omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves ſhall be ſtayed!

KEATE.

CHAP. XII.

JUPITER TO THE INFERIOR DEITIES.

AURORA, now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The ſire of gods his awful ſilence broke:
The heav'ns, attentive, trembled as he ſpoke.
"Celeſtial ſtates! immortal gods! give ear:
Hear our decree; and rev'rence what ye hear:
The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move:
Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and ye, Pow'rs! approve.—
What god ſhall enter yon forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield,
Back to the ſkies, with ſhame, he ſhall be driv'n,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heav'n:
Or, from our ſacred hill, with fury thrown
Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph ſhall groan;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ethereal world.

Let

Let each, ſubmiſſive, dread thoſe dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.
League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above:
Your ſtrength unite, againſt the might of Jove.
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main;
Strive, all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth:—
Ye ſtrive in vain. If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land:
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight:
For ſuch I reign unbounded, and above;
And ſuch are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove."

HOMER.

CHAP. XIII.

SARPEDON TO GLAUCUS.

WHY boaſt we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain?
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purpled harveſt yield?
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on theſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,

Such,

Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy dare not imitate.
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war:
But, ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom,
The life, which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

HOMER.

CHAP. XIV.

MALEFORT's DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

—LIVE I once more
To ſee theſe hands and arms free, theſe, that often
In the moſt dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as ſea-marks to teach ſuch as were
Seconds in my attempts, to ſteer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory? When my ſword,
Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threat'ning death and ruin
To ſuch as durſt behold it. Theſe the legs,
That when our ſhips were grappl'd, carried me
With ſuch ſwift motion from deck to deck,
As they that ſaw it, with amazement cry'd,

He

He does not run, but flies.
Now crampt with irons,
Hunger and cold, they hardly do ſupport me.
But I forget myſelf.—O my good lords,
That ſit there as judges to determine
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Thoſe ſhouts, thoſe cheerful looks, thoſe loud applauſes
With which, when I return'd loaden with ſpoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? All's forgotten,
And I ſtand here to give account for that
Of which I am as free and innocent,
As he that never ſaw the eye of him
For whom I ſtand ſuſpected.——
——The main ground, on which
You raiſe the building of your accuſation,
Hath reference to my ſon: ſhould I now curſe him,
Or wiſh, in th' agony of my troubled ſoul,
Light'ning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll ſay, 'tis from the purpoſe; and I therefore
Betake him to the devil, and ſo leave him.
Did never loyal father but myſelf
Beget a treacherous iſſue? Muſt it follow,
Becauſe that he is impious, I am falſe?
I would not boaſt my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who ſunk the Turkiſh gallies in the Streights,
But Malefort? Who reſcu'd the French merchants,
When they were boarded, and ſtowed under hatches
By the pirates of Algiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? Then you fill'd
The air with ſhouts of joy, and did proclaim

When

When hope had left them, and grim-look'd deſpair
Hover'd with ſail-ſtretch'd wings over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the ſea,
They ow'd the reſtitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the maſter of a pirate's ſhip,
But at the main-yard hung the captain up,
And cauſed the reſt to be thrown over-board,
Should after all theſe proofs of deadly hate,
So oft expreſſed againſt 'em, entertain
A thought of quarter with 'em, but much leſs
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Againſt my mother country, this Marſeilles,
Which with my prodigal expence of blood
I have ſo oft protected. ——
—— What have I
Omitted in the power of fleſh and blood,
Even in the birth to ſtrangle the deſigns
Of this hell-bred wolf my ſon? Alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like one could foreſee
His cruel thoughts, and curſed purpoſes;
Nor would the ſun at my command forbear
To make his progreſs to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath diſperſe thoſe foggy miſts
Covered with which, and darkneſs of the night,
Their navy undiſcern'd, without reſiſtance
Beſet our harbour. Make not that my fault,
Which you in juſtice muſt aſcribe to fortune.
But if that nor my former acts, nor what

I have

I have deliver'd, can prevail with you
To make good my integrity and truth;
Rip up this boſom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal,——
——Thou Searcher of men's hearts,
And ſure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying ſins a while not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, ſtrike me dead;
Or by ſome unexpected means confirm,
I am accus'd unjuſtly.

MASSINGER.

CHAP. XV.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our Engliſh dead.
In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the braſs cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide,

Hold

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have in theſe parts from morn 'till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument:
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds on the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVI.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age:
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our

Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling in a falling ſtate!
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd—tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's, leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

POPE.

CHAP. XVII.

CATO's SENATE.

CATO. FATHERS, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves;
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;

Rise,

Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! The corpſe of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! Our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides:
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild deſpair)

Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

SEMP. This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor——Something whiſpers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

CATO. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate, we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods:
But wait at leaſt till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,

So

So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARC. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

CATO. By your permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter DECIUS.

DEC. Cæſar ſends health to Cato——

CATO. Cou'd he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

DEC. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he ſave Cato? Bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DEC. Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

CATO. Thoſe very reaſons thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

DEC. Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

CATO. No more:
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DEC. Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

CATO. Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DEC. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—

CATO. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the Roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DEC. A ſtyle like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO. Decius, a ſtyle like this becomes a Roman.

DEC. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

CATO. Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.

DEC. Conſider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

CATO.

CATO. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Did'ſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

DEC. Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

CATO. His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten power,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

DEC. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears.

CATO.

BOOK V.

DIALOGUES.

CHAP. I.

MYRTLE AND BEVIL.

BEVIL. WELL, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

MYRTLE. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumſtances which affect me on this occaſion, oblige me, without farther ceremony, or conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but alſo comply with the requeſt in it. I muſt have farther notice taken of my meſſage than theſe half lines—I have yours—I ſhall be at home——

BEV. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unuſual ſtyle; but as I deſign every thing in this matter ſhall be your own action, your own ſeeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing but what you are pleaſed to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epiſtle.

MYR.

MYR. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuſe you have already made of my ſimplicity and frankneſs; and I ſee your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own ſafety, not conſideration of your friend.

BEV. My own ſafety, Mr. Myrtle!

MYR. Your own ſafety, Mr. Bevil.

BEV. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at. But, Sir, you know I have often dared to diſapprove of the deciſions a tyrant cuſtom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

MYR. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good firſt principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a conſcience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as—

BEVIL. As what?

MYR. As fear of anſwering for 'em.

BEV. As fear of anſwering for 'em! But that apprehenſion is juſt or blameable, according to the object of that fear——I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and ruſhing into his preſence;—I ſay, by the very ſame act, to commit a crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

MYR. Mr. Bevil, I muſt tell you, this coolneſs, this gravity, this ſhew of conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt excuſe for life, the hopes of poſſeſſing Lucinda: but, conſider, Sir, I have as much reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the dauntleſs man who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. Sir, ſhew me but the leaſt glimpſe of argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawleſs inſult of this nature, and I will ſhew thee, to chaſtiſe thee, hardly deſerves the name of courage. Slight, inconſiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no ſuch terror in quick anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myr. Is the woman one loves ſo little an occaſion of anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your looſe hours; and from your fortune, your ſpecious outward carriage, and other lucky circumſtances, as eaſy a way to the poſſeſſion of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be diſtracted with anxiety and terror of loſing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common buſineſs, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princeſs, for your ſoft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excuſable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more to accept your invitation, and obſerve your letter ——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did. I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—Maſter—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a ſervant, or——

Bev. Call a coach.——

——Shall

——Shall I, though provoked to the uttermoſt, recover myſelf at the entrance of a third perſon, and that my ſervant too, and not have reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the beſt of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whoſe life depends on mine.——

——I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the falſe appearances, under which your infirmity of temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps, too much regard to a falſe point of honour, makes me prolong that ſuffering.

MYR. I am ſure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have ſatisfaction from his innocence, than his ſword.

BEV. Why then would you aſk it firſt that way?

MYR. Conſider, you kept your temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the diſadvantage of her you loved.

BEV. True. But let me tell you, I have ſaved you from the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, even though you had ſucceeded in the diſpute. I know you ſo well, that I am ſure to have found this letter about a man you had killed, would have been worſe than death to yourſelf—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and ſhame has got the better of jealouſy, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining Lucinda.

MYR. With what a ſuperiority has he turned the injury on me, as the aggreſſor! I begin to fear I have been too far tranſported—"A treaty in our family!" Is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe—— But I find—"ſomething like jealouſy"—With what face can I ſee my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have

treated like a betrayer.——Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I——

Bev. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myr. But can you——

Bev. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me. Alas, what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myr. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

Bev. Pray no more.

Myr. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you must give me a leave to say again and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with —what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

Bev. I congratulate us both on this escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myr. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet, how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other, with dissembled anger and real fear.

Steele.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

LIONEL AND SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE.

SIR JOHN. LIONEL, Lionel.

LION. Who calls?

SIR JOHN. Lionel.

LION. Heavens! 'Tis Sir John Flowerdale; where ſhall I hide myſelf; how avoid him—O cruel love, to what do you reduce me?

SIR JOHN. Who's there?

LION. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here, Lionel.

SIR JOHN. My dear lad, I have been ſearching for you this half hour, and was at laſt told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare ſwear will ſhock and ſurpriſe you; my daughter has refuſed Colonel Oldboy's ſon, who is this minute departed the houſe in violent reſentment of her ill treatment.

LION. Is he gone, Sir?

SIR JOHN. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him: it is impoſſible to deſcribe to you, how I am grieved at this fatal accident; you know, as well as I, the cogent reaſons, that determined me to this marriage. Oh, Lionel! Clariſſa has deceived me: in this affair ſhe has ſuffered me to deceive myſelf. The meaſures which I have been ſo long preparing are broken in a moment—my hopes fruſtrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

LION. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourſelf.

SIR

Sir John. I am ſorry, Lionel, ſhe has profited no better by your leſſons of philoſophy, than to impoſe upon and diſtreſs ſo kind a father.

Lion. Have juſter thoughts of her, Sir! She has not impoſed on you, ſhe is incapable—have but a little patience, and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is paſt, and there's an end of it; yet I would conjecture to what ſuch an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be ſatisfied of the motive that could urge her to ſo extraordinary a proceeding, without the leaſt intimation, the leaſt warning to me, or any of her friends.

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miſs Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing elſe could occaſion——

Sir John. Heaven only knows——I think, indeed, there can be no ſettled averſion, and ſurely her affections are not engaged elſewhere.

Lion. Engag'd, Sir,——No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be poſitive, Sir—I'm ſure——

Sir John. O worthy young man, whoſe integrity, openneſs, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I ſee this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular diſappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor ſhall it: I well know how irkſome it is to a generous mind to live in a ſtate of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you eaſy for life.

Lion.

LION. Sir John, the ſituation of my mind at preſent is a little diſturb'd—ſpare me!——I beſeech you, ſpare me; why will you perſiſt in a goodneſs that makes me aſham'd of myſelf?

SIR JOHN. There is an eſtate in this county which I purchaſed ſome years ago, by me it will never be miſſed, and whoever marries my daughter will have little reaſon to complain of my diſpoſing of ſuch a trifle for my own gratification. On the preſent marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for ſome time prepared; my lawyer has this day compleated it, and it is yours my dear Lionel, with every good wiſh that the warmeſt friend can beſtow.

LION. Sir, if you preſented a piſtol with deſign to ſhoot me, I would ſubmit to it; but you muſt excuſe me, I cannot lay myſelf under more obligations.

SIR JOHN. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I conſer a favour on myſelf: however, we'll talk no more on the ſubject at preſent, let us walk towards the houſe.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

CHAP. III.

ALFRED AND HERMIT.

ALF. THRICE happy hermit!
Whom thus the heavenly 'habitants attend,
Bleſſing thy calm retreat; while ruthleſs war
Fills the polluted land with blood and crimes.
In this extremity of England's fate,
Led by thy ſacred character, I come

For

For comfort and advice. Say what remains,
What yet remains to ſave our proſtrate country?
Nor ſcorn this anxious queſtion even from me,
A nameleſs ſtranger.

HER. Alfred, England's king,
All hail!

ALF. Amazement! In this ruſſet hid,
I deem'd my ſtate beyond diſcovery's reach:
How is it then to thee alone reveal'd?

HER. Laſt night, when with a draught from that cool fountain
I had my wholeſome ſober ſupper crown'd;
As is my ſtated cuſtom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the ſolemn gloom and glittering ſky,
To feed my ſoul with prayer and meditation.
And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
That ſweeteſt muſic of the grateful heart,
Whoſe each emotion is a ſilent hymn,
I to my couch retired. Strait on mine eyes
A pleaſing ſlumber fell, whoſe myſtic power
Seal'd up my ſenſes, but enlarg'd my ſoul.
Led by thoſe ſpirits, who diſcloſe futurity,
I liv'd thro' diſtant ages; felt the virtue,
The great, the glorious paſſions that will fire
Remote poſterity; when guardian laws
Are by the patriot, in the glowing ſenate,
Won from corruption; when th' impatient arm
Of liberty, invincible, ſhall ſcourge
The tyrants of mankind—and when the deep,
Thro' all her ſwelling waves, from pole to pole
Shall ſpread the boundleſs empire of thy ſons.

I ſaw

I saw thee, Alfred, too—But o'er thy fortunes
Lay clouds impenetrable.

ALF. To Heaven's will,
In either fortune, mine shall ever bend
With humblest resignation—Yet, O say,
Does that unerring Providence, whose justice
Has bow'd me to the dust; whose ministers,
Sword, fire and famine, scourge this sinful land,
This tomb of its inhabitants—does he
Reserve me in his hand, the glorious instrument
From fell oppression to redeem my country?

HER. What mortal eye, by his immediate beam
Not yet enlighten'd, dare presume to look
Thro' time's abyss? But should the flatterer Hope,
Anticipating see that happy time,
Those whiter moments—Prince, remember, then,
The noble lessons by affliction taught:
Preserve the quick humanity it gives,
The pitying social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy generous fortitude entire,
The manly heart, that to another's woe
Is tender, as superior to its own.
Learn to submit: yet learn to conquer fortune.
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life: to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose.
Chief, let devotion to the Sovereign Mind,
A steady, cheerful, absolute dependance
On his best, wisest government, possess thee.

ALF. I thank thee, father: and O witness, Heaven,
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores!
That if not to perform my regal task;

To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread, on all good men, thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more; if not to build the public weal,
On that firm base which can alone resist
Both time and chance, on liberty and laws;
If not for these important ends ordain'd,
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England!

Her. Still may thy breast these sentiments retain,
In prosperous life.

Alf. Could it destroy or change
Such thoughts as these, prosperity were ruin.
When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And showers profusely power and splendor on them,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven!
And of perfidious robbery to man!

Her. Such thoughts become a monarch—but behold,
The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on. Devotion now,
With eye enraptur'd, as the kindling stars
Light, one by one, all heaven into a glow

Of

Of living fire, adores the Hand divine,
Who form'd their orbs and pour'd forth glory on them.

ALF. Then, this good moment, snatch'd from earth's affairs
In yonder cell let us aright employ:
There, low on earth, as kneeling reverence bids,
To Him our homage pay, with heart sincere,
Who bids affliction hope, and triumph fear:
Who, from the depth of ruin, yet may raise
This prostrate isle, and bless with better days.

MALLET.

CHAP. IV.

GUSTAVUS VASA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, AND ARVIDA.

SCENE, A MINE.

AND. YOU tell me wonders.

ARN. Soft, behold, my lord,
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night,
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his cov'ring;
Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb,
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels
The lot of human frailty.

AND. What horrors hang around! the savage race
Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray
May bring the cheer of morn——What then is he?
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

ARN. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,
And you shall find his form is but assum'd,
To hoard some wond'rous treasure lodg'd within.

AND.

And. Let him bear up to what thy praiſes ſpeak him,
And I will win him, ſpite of his reſerve,
Bind him with ſacred friendſhip to my ſoul,
And make him half myſelf.

Arn. 'Tis nobly promis'd;
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden:
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,
When nurs'd by freedom, all her ſons grew great,
And ev'ry peaſant was a prince in virtue,
I greatly err, or this abandon'd ſtranger
Had ſtepped the firſt for fame, tho' now he ſeeks
To veil his name, and cloud his ſhine of virtues;
For there is danger in them.

And. True, Arnoldus.
Were there a prince throughout the ſcepter'd globe,
Who ſearch'd out merit for its due preferment,
With half that care our tyrant ſeeks it out
For ruin, happy, happy were that ſtate,
Beyond the golden fable of thoſe pure
And earlieſt ages —— Wherefore this, good Heav'n?
Is it of fate, that who aſſumes a crown
Throws off humanity?

Arn. So Criſtiern holds.
He claims our country as by right of conqueſt,
A right to every wrong. Ev'n now 'tis ſaid,
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield
Of health or aliment; he comes upon us,
Attended by a numerous hoſt, to ſeize
Theſe laſt retreats of our expiring liberty.

And. Say'ſt thou?

Arn. This riſing day, this inſtant hour,
Thus chaſed, we ſtand upon the utmoſt brink

Of

Of steep perdition, and must leap the precipice,
Or turn upon our hunters.

AND. Now, Gustavus!
Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,
Where art thou, mightiest man?—Were he but here—
I'll tell thee, my Arnoldus, I beheld him,
Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,
As the brow'd evening ere the thunder break;
For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes
To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest!
In vain we follow'd where he swept the field;
'Twas death alone could wait upon Gustavus.

ARN. He was indeed whate'er our wish could form him.

AND. Array'd and beauteous in the blood of Danes,
Th' invaders of his country, thrice he chased
This Christiern, this fell conqu'ror, this usurper,
With rout and foul dishonour at his heels,
To plunge his head in Denmark.

ARN. Nor ever had the tyrant known return,
To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,
Had he not dar'd to break thro' ev'ry law
That sanctifies the nations; seiz'd our hero,
The pledge of specious treaty, tore him from us,
And led him chain'd to Denmark.

AND. Then we fell.
If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise;
But never can I dare to rest a hope
On any arm but his.

ARN. And yet, I trust,
This stranger, that delights to dwell with darkness,
Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with wretchedness,
Conceals

Conceals ſome mighty purpoſe in his breaſt,
Now lab'ring into birth.

And. When came he hither?

Arn. Six moons have chang'd upon the face of night,
Since here he firſt arriv'd, in ſervile weeds,
But yet of mien majeſtic. I obſerv'd him,
And ever as I gaz'd, ſome nameleſs charm,
A wond'rous greatneſs, not to be conceal'd,
Broke thro' his form, and aw'd my ſoul before him.
Amid theſe mines he earns the hireling's portion,
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bath'd in the laborious drop
Of painful induſtry. I oft have ſought,
With friendly tender of ſome worthier ſervice,
To win him from his temper; but he ſhuns
All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act,
Engaging beyond utt'rance. And at eve,
When all retire to ſome domeſtic ſolace,
He only ſtays, and, as you ſee, the earth
Receives him to her dark and cheerleſs boſom.

And. Has no unwary moment e'er betray'd
The labours of his ſoul, ſome fav'rite grief,
Whereon to raiſe conjecture?

Arn. I ſaw, as ſome bold peaſants late deplor'd
Their country's bondage, ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd
And bore him from his ſeeming; ſtraight his form
Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,
And his proud ſtep appear'd to awe the world;
When check'd, as thro' an impotence of rage,
Damp ſadneſs ſoon uſurp'd upon his brow,
And the big tear roll'd graceful down his viſage.

AND. Your words imply a man of much importance.

ARN. So I ſuſpected, and at dead of night
Stole on his ſlumbers; his full heart was buſy,
And oft his tongue pronounc'd the hated name
Of—bloody Criſtiern——There he ſeem'd to pauſe,
And, recollected to one voice, he cry'd,
Oh, Sweden! Oh, my country! Yet I'll ſave thee.

AND. Forbear; he riſes——Heav'ns, what majeſty!

Enter GUSTAVUS.

Your pardon, ſtranger, if the voice of virtue,
If cordial amity from man to man,
And ſomewhat that ſhould whiſper to the ſoul,
To ſeek and cheer the ſuff'rer, led me hither,
Impatient to ſalute thee. Be it thine
Alone to point the path of friendſhip out,
And my beſt pow'r ſhall wait upon thy fortunes.

GUS. Yes, gen'rous man! there is a wond'rous teſt,
The trueſt, worthieſt, nobleſt cauſe for friendſhip;
Dearer than life, than int'reſt, or alliance,
And equal to your virtues.

AND. Say, unfold.

GUS. Art thou a ſoldier, a chief lord in Sweden,
And yet a ſtranger to thy country's voice,
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?
But what's a ſoldier? What's a lord in Sweden?
All worth is fled or fall'n; nor has a life
Been ſpar'd, but for diſhonour; ſpar'd to breed
More ſlaves for Denmark, to beget a race
Of new-born virgins for th' unfated luſt
Of our new maſters. Sweden, thou art no more!
Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,
Thy houſe of heroes, and thy ſeat of virtues,

Is now the tomb where thy brave ſons lie ſpeechleſs,
And foreign ſnakes engender.

And. Oh, 'tis true!
But wherefore? To what purpoſe?

Gus. Think of Stockholm.
When Criſtiern ſeiz'd upon the hour of peace,
And drench'd the hoſpitable floor with blood,
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!
Her hoary ſenators, and gaſping patriots.
The tyrant ſpoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-train'd miniſters were loos'd to ruin.
Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants
Stabb'd on the breaſt, or reeking on the points
Of ſportive javelins. Huſbands, ſons, and ſires,
Wtth dying ears drank in the loud deſpair
Of ſhrieking chaſtity. The waſte of war
Was peace and friendſhip to this civil maſſacre.
Oh, heav'n and earth! Is there a cauſe for this?
For ſin without temptation, calm, cool villainy,
Delib'rate miſchief, unimpaſſion'd luſt,
And ſmiling murder? Lie thou there, my ſoul:
Sleep, ſleep upon it, image not the form
Of any dream but this, till time grows pregnant,
And thou canſt wake to vengeance.

And. Thou'ſt greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy tears ſtart forth.
Yes, let them flow, our country's fate demands them;
I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us
To weep in ſecret, and to ſigh with ſafety.
But wherefore talk of vengeance? Tis a word
Should be engraven on the new-fall'n ſnow,
Where the firſt beam may melt it from obſervance.
Vengeance on Criſtiern! Norway and the Dane,

The

The ſons of Sweden, all the peopled north,
Bends at his nod——My humbler boaſt of pow'r
Meant not to cope with crowns.

GUS. Then what remains
Is briefly this; your friendſhip has my thanks,
But muſt not my acceptance. Never—no——
Firſt ſink, thou baleful manſion, to the centre,
And be thy darkneſs doubled round my head,
Ere I forſake thee for the bliſs of Paradiſe,
To be enjoy'd beneath a tyrant's ſcepter:
No, that were wilful ſlavery. Freedom is
The brighteſt gift of Heav'n, 'tis reaſon's ſelf,
The kin of Deity——I will not part it.

AND. Nor I, while I can hold it; but, alas!
That is not in our choice.

GUS. Why? Where's that pow'r whoſe engines are of force
To bend the brave and virtuous man to ſlavery?
Baſe fear, the lazineſs of luſt, groſs appetites,
Theſe are the ladders, and the groveling foot-ſtool,
From whence the tyrant riſes on our wrongs,
Secure and ſcepter'd in the ſoul's ſervility.
He has debauch'd the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive ſons
Await his nod, the ſilken ſlaves of pleaſure,
Or fetter'd in their fears.

AND. I apprehend you.
No doubt, a baſe ſubmiſſion to our wrongs
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage:
But think the heavy hand of pow'r is on us;
Of pow'r, from whoſe impriſonment and chains
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

Gus. 'Tis there you err; for I have felt their force;
And had I yielded to enlarge theſe limbs,
Or ſhare the tyrant's empire, on the terms
Which he propos'd, I were a ſlave indeed.
No, in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons,
The ſoul can rear her ſcepter, ſmile in anguiſh,
And triumph o'er oppreſſion.

And. Oh, glorious ſpirit! Think not I am ſlack
To reliſh what thy noble ſcope intends;
But then the means, the peril, and the conſequence!
Great are the odds, and who ſhall dare the trial?

Gus. I dare.
Oh, wert thou ſtill that gallant chief
Whom once I knew! I could unfold a purpoſe,
Would make the greatneſs of thy heart to ſwell,
And burſt in the conception.

And. Give it utt'rance.
Perhaps there lie ſome embers yet in Sweden,
Which, waken'd by thy breath, might riſe in flames,
And ſpread vindictive round. You ſay you know me;
But give a tongue to ſuch a cauſe as this,
And if you hold me tardy in the call,
You know me not. But thee I've ſurely known;
For there is ſomewhat in that voice and form,
Which has alarm'd my ſoul to recollection:
But 'tis as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

Gus. Then name the man whom it is death to know,
Or, knowing, to conceal——and I am he.

And. Guſtavus! Heav'ns! 'Tis he! 'tis he himſelf!

Enter Arvida, *ſpeaking to a Servant.*

Arv. I thank you, friend; he's here; you may retire.

And. Good morning to my noble gueſt; you're early.

Arv.

ARV. I come to take a ſhort and haſty leave.
'Tis ſaid, that from the mountain's neighb'ring brow
The canvaſs of a thouſand tents appears,
Whitening the vale —— Suppoſe the tyrant there;
You know my ſafety lies not in the interview ——
Ha! what is he, who, in the ſhreds of ſlavery,
Supports a ſtep ſuperior to the ſtate
And inſolence of ermine?

GUS. Sure that voice
Was once the voice of friendſhip and Arvida!

ARV. Ha! Yes, 'tis he!—ye pow'rs, it is Guſtavus!

GUS. Thou brother of adoption! In the bond
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my ſoul,
Enter my heart; it is thy property.

ARV. I'm loſt in joy, and wond'rous circumſtance.

GUS. Yet, wherefore, my Arvida, wherefore is it,
That in a place, and at a time like this,
We ſhould thus meet? Can Criſtiern ceaſe from cruelty
Say, whence is this, my brother? How eſcap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the Daniſh dungeon?

ARV. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee firſt.
How graceful is the garb of wretchedneſs,
When worn by virtue! Faſhions turn to folly;
Their colours tarniſh, and their pomps grow poor
To her magnificence.

GUS. Yes, my Arvida;
Beyond the ſweeping of the proudeſt train
That ſhades a monarch's heel, I prize theſe weeds;
For they are ſacred to my country's freedom.
A mighty enterpriſe has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auſpicious to the birth,
As ſent to fix the ſeal of Heav'n upon it.

Arv. Point but thy purpoſe—let it be to bleed——

Gus. Your hands, my friends.

All. Our hearts.

Gus. I know they're brave.
Of ſuch the time has need, of hearts like yours,
Faithful and firm, of hands inur'd and ſtrong;
For we muſt ride upon the neck of danger,
And plunge into a purpoſe big with death.

And. Here let us kneel, and bind us to thy ſide.
By all———

Gus. No, hold—if we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole aſunder.
A cauſe like ours is its own ſacrament;
Truth, juſtice, reaſon, love, and liberty,
Th' eternal links that claſp the world, are in it;
And he who breaks their ſanction, breaks all law,
And infinite connection.

Arn. True, my Lord.

And. And ſuch the force I feel.

Arv. And I.

Arn. And all.

Gus. Know then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,
While this my valiant couſin and myſelf,
By chains and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,
Upon a dark and unſuſpected hour,
The bloody Criſtiern ſought to take my head.
Thanks to the ruling pow'r, within whoſe eye
Imboſom'd ills, and mighty treaſons roll,
Prevented of their blackneſs——I eſcap'd,
Led by a gen'rous arm, and ſome time lay
Conceal'd in Denmark; for my forfeit head
Became the price of crowns. Each port and path

Was

Was ſhut againſt my paſſage ; till I heard
That Stenon, valiant Stenon fell in battle,
And freedom was no more. Oh, then what bounds
Had pow'r to hem the deſp'rate ? I o'erpaſs'd them,
Travers'd all Sweden, thro' ten thouſand foes,
Impending perils, and ſurrounding tongues,
That from himſelf inquir'd Guſtavus out.
Witneſs, my country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy ſons to liberty—In vain ; for fear,
Cold fear, had ſeiz'd on all——Here laſt I came,
And ſhut me from the ſun, whoſe hateful beams
Serv'd but to ſhew the ruins of my country.
When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length, I found
What I had left to look for, gallant ſpirits,
In the rough form of untaught peaſantry.

AND. Indeed they once were brave ; our Dalecarlians
Have oft been known to give a law to kings ;
And as their only wealth has been their liberty,
From all th' unmeaſur'd graſpings of ambition
Have held that gem untouch'd—tho' now 'tis fear'd——

GUS. It is not fear'd—I ſay, they ſtill ſhall hold it,
I've ſearch'd theſe men, and find them like the ſoil,
Barren without, and to the eye unlovely,
But they've their mines within ; and this the day
In which I mean to prove them.

ARN. Oh, Guſtavus !
Moſt aptly haſt thou caught the paſſing hour
Upon whoſe critical and fated hinge
The ſtate of Sweden turns.

GUS. And to this hour
I've therefore held me in this darkſome womb,
That ſends me forth as to a ſecond birth

Of freedom, or thro' death to reach eternity.
This day, return'd with ev'ry circling year,
In thouſands pours the mountain peaſants forth,
Each with his batter'd arms and ruſty helm,
In ſportive diſcipline well train'd, and prompt
Againſt the day of peril. Thus diſguis'd,
Already have I ſtirr'd their latent ſparks
Of ſlumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wiſh,
To warm before the lighteſt breath of liberty.

Arn. How will they kindle, when, confeſs'd to view,
Once more their lov'd Guſtavus ſtands before them,
And pours his blaze of virtues on their ſouls!

Arv. It cannot fail.

And. It has a glorious aſpect.

Arv. Now, Sweden, riſe and re-aſſert thy rights,
Or be for ever fall'n.

And. Then be it ſo.

Arn. Lead on, thou arm of war,
To death or victory.

Gus. Let us embrace.
Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in ſuch a cauſe,
Are we not equal to a hoſt of ſlaves?
You ſay the foe's at hand—Why, let them come;
Steep are our hills, nor eaſy of acceſs,
And few the hours we aſk for their reception;
For I will take theſe ruſtic ſons of liberty
In the firſt warmth and hurry of their ſouls;
And ſhould the tyrant then attempt our heights,
He comes upon his fate——Ariſe, thou ſun!
Haſte, haſte to rouſe thee to the call of liberty,
That ſhall once more ſalute thy morning beam,
And hail thee to thy ſetting.

ARN. O bleſs'd voice!
Prolong that note but one ſhort day thro' Sweden,
And tho' the ſun and life ſhould ſet together,
It matters not—we ſhall have liv'd that day.

ARV. Were it not worth the hazard of a life
To know if Criſtiern leads his pow'rs in perſon,
And what his ſcope intends? Be mine that taſk,
Ev'n to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,
And mingle with his councils.

GUS. Go, my friend.
Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, ſons, and ſires ſhould yield their treaſure up,
Nor own a ſenſe beyond the public ſafety.

BROOKE.

CHAP. V.

TAMERLANE AND DERVISE.

TAM. THOU bring'ſt me thy credentials from the higheſt,
From Alha, and our Prophet. Speak thy meſſage,
It muſt import the beſt and nobleſt ends.

DER. Thus ſpeaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee
To reign and conquer: Ill doſt thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy ſtreams of greatneſs flow.
Thou haſt forgot high Heav'n, haſt beaten down
And trampled on religion's ſanctity.

TAM. Now, as I am a ſoldier and a king,
(The greateſt names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane

Shall do thee ample juſtice on himſelf.
So much the ſacred name of Heaven awes me,
Cou'd I ſuſpect my ſoul of harbouring aught
To its diſhonour, I would ſearch it ſtrictly,
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou haſt hurt our holy Prophet's honour,
By foſtering the pernicious Chriſtian ſect;
Thoſe, whom his ſword purſu'd with fell deſtruction,
Thou tak'ſt into thy boſom, to thy councils;
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

Tam. I fear me, thou out-go'ſt the Prophet's order,
And bring'ſt his venerable name to ſhelter
A rudeneſs ill-becoming thee to uſe,
Or me to ſuffer. When thou nam'ſt my friend,
Thou nam'ſt a man beyond a monk's diſcerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

Der. He is a Chriſtian; there our law condemns him,
Altho' he were ev'n all thou ſpeak'ſt, and more.

Tam. 'Tis falſe; no law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your ſchools deviſe.
Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sun-ſhine and rain, to bleſs the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;
And (tho' by ſeveral names and titles worſhipp'd)
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praiſe;
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of all.
Thus, when he view'd the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and bleſt the fair variety.

Der. Moſt impious and profane!—Nay, frown not, prince!
Full of the Prophet, I deſpiſe the danger

Thy

Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
To hear, and to obey; ſince thus ſays Mahomet:
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
Why have I giv'n thee conqueſt; but to ſpread
My ſacred law ev'n to the utmoſt earth,
And make my holy Mecca the world's worſhip?
Go on, and whereſoe'er thy arms ſhall proſper,
Plant there the Prophet's name; with ſword and fire
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confeſs him only.

TAM. Had he but commanded
My ſword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one Lord, the taſk were not ſo hard,
'Twere but to do what has been done already;
And Philip's ſon, and Cæſar did as much;
But to ſubdue th' unconquerable mind,
To make one reaſon have the ſame effect
Upon all apprehenſions; to force this
Or this man, juſt to think as thou and I do;
Impoſſible! Unleſs ſouls were alike
In all, which differ now like human faces.

DER. Well might the holy cauſe be carry'd on,
If Muſſulmen did not make war on Muſſulmen.
Why hold'ſt thou captive a believing monarch?
Now, as thou hop'ſt to 'ſcape the Prophet's curſe,
Releaſe the royal Bajazet, and join,
With force united, to deſtroy the Chriſtians.

TAM. 'Tis well—I've found the cauſe that mov'd thy zeal.
What ſhallow politician ſet thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?

DER. Our prophet only——

TAM. No—thou doſt belie him,

Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'ſt to build
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.
Religion's luſtre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and ſimple from all arts;
You daub and dreſs her like a common miſtreſs,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
Falſe beauties, which ſhe wants not, make the world
Suſpect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And wo' not bear all lights. Hence! I have found thee.

Der. I have but one reſort. Now aid me, Prophet.
Yet I have ſomewhat further to unfold;
Our Prophet ſpeaks to thee in thunder—thus——

Tam. No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its wor-
ſhippers,
And blaſts the murderer's purpoſe. Think, thou wretch!
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I ſhall doom thee——

Der. 'Tis but death at laſt;
And I will ſuffer greatly for the cauſe
That urg'd me firſt to the bold deed.

Tam. Oh, impious!
Enthuſiaſm thus makes villains martyrs.
It ſhall be ſo—To die! 'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:
Thine bids thee liſt thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked ſecret, and be ſafe!
If thou repent'ſt, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continu'ſt ſtill to be the ſame,
'Tis puniſhment enough to be a villain.
Hence! from my ſight—It ſhocks my ſoul to think

That

That there is such a monster in my kind.
Whither will man's impiety extend?
Oh, gracious Heav'n! dost thou withhold thy thunder,
When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

ROWE.

CHAP. VI.

COMUS AND LADY.

LADY. THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late rioters; yet, oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

COMUS. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

LADY. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,

Like a ſad votariſt in palmer's weed,
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of Phœbus' wain;
But where they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likelieſt
They had engag'd their wand'ring ſteps too far:
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was riſe, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear;
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong-ſiding champion, Conſcience.
Oh, welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh'd form of chaſtity;
I ſee you viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good (t'whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance)
Would ſend a gliſt'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tuſted grove.
I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt

I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

COMUS. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe ſuch divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall ſmoothing the raven-down
Of darkneſs, till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now—— I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my queen.——Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with Pan, or Silvan, by bleſs'd ſong,
Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
To touch the proſp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY. Nay, gentle ſhepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe,
That is addreſs'd to unattending ears:
Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift

How

How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me anſwer from her moſſy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-uſh'ring guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a graſſy turf.

Comus. By falſehood, or diſcourteſy, or why?

Lady. To ſeek i' th' valley ſome cool friendly ſpring.

Comus. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. Perhaps foreſtalling night prevented them?

Lady. How eaſy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

Lady. No leſs than if I ſhould my brothers loſe.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As ſmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human: as they ſtood,
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plaited clouds. I was awe-ſtruck,
And as I paſs'd, I worſhipp'd; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
To help you find them.

Lady.

LADY. Gentler villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?

COMUS. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.

LADY. To find out that, good ſhepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of ſtar-light,
Would over-taſk the beſt land-pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild wood.
And ev'ry boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your ſtray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-rooſted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouſe: if otherwiſe,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till farther queſt.

LADY. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoky rafters, than in tap'ſtry halls
And courts of princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended. In a place,
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſs'd Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength——Shepherd, lead on.

MILTON.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The BROTHERS.

Eldest Brother. UNMUFFLE, ye faint ſtars; and thou, fair moon,
That wont'ſt to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades?
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a ruſh candle, from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of Arcady,
Or Tyrian cynoſure.

Youngest Brother. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
Or ſound of paſt'ral reed with oaten ſtops;
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village-cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Tould be ſome ſolace yet; ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
But, oh! that hapleſs virgin, our loſt ſiſter!
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears.

What

What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

E. BROTH. Peace, brother; be not over exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid;
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion!
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk: and wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retir'd ſolitude;
Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt,
May ſit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

Y. BROTH. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects

The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate houſe:
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of miſers' treaſure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte.
Of night or lonelineſs it recks me not:
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

E. Broth. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my ſiſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt or controverſy:
Yet, where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine; ſhe has a hidden ſtrength,
Which you remember not.

Y. BROTH. What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. BROTH. I mean that too; but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity.
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage, fierce bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity;
Yea there where very deſolation dwells,
By grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride or in preſumption.

Y. BROTH. How gladly would I have my terrors huſh'd,
By crediting the wonders you relate!

E. BROTH. Some ſay, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meagre hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece,
To teſtify the arms of chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The friv'lous bolt of Cupid; gods and men

Fear'd

Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o'th' woods.
What was the ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace, that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?

Y. Broth. But what are virtue's awful charms to thoſe,
Who cannot rev'rence what they never knew?

E. Broth. So dear to Heav'n is faintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand livery'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream and ſolemn viſion
Tell her of things, that no groſs ear can hear;
Till oft converſe with heav'nly 'habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal.

Y. Broth. Happy ſtate,
Beyond belief of vice!

E. Broth. But when vile luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp,
Oft ſeen in charnel-vaults and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring and ſitting by a new-made grave,

As

As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf in carnal ſenſuality
To a degen'rate and degraded ſtate.

Y. BROTH. How charming is divine philoſophy!
Not harſh and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.

MILTON.

CHAP. VIII.

CATHARINE AND GRIFFITH.

GRIF. HOW does your grace?

CATH. O Griffith, ſick to death:
My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair ——
So—now methinks I feel a little eaſe.
Didſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

GRIF. Yes, Madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

CATH. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout earl of Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,

He

He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words. "O father Abbot,
An old man broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heav'n, and ſlept in peace.

Cath. So may he reſt, his faults lie bury'd with him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes: one that by ſuggeſtion
Tith'd all the kingdom; ſimony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I'th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif.

GRIF. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

CATH. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious elſe.

GRIF. This cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not,
But to thoſe men that ſought him ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely; ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

CATH. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker, of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,

With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. IX.

TRIAL of SHYLOCK.

DUKE. MAKE room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

SHY. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!

You'll

You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
But say, it is my humour; is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bane'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masterless passion sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASSANIO. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTHONIO. I pray you, think you question with a Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke.

DUKE. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALANIO. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters, call the meſſengers.

BASS. Good cheer, Anthonio: what, man, courage yet;
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

ANTH. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA *dreſſed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

BASS. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

SHY. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

GRA. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves

Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter Portia *dreſſed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anthonio.

ANTH. Ay, ſo he ſays.

POR. Do you confeſs the bond?

ANTH. I do.

POR. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly pow'r doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath—I have an oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off,
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you, by the law,

Whereof

Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man,
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.

ANTH. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.

POR. Why, then thus it is;
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpoſe of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. Therefore lay bare your boſom.

SHY. Ay, his breaſt.
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.

POR. It is ſo. Are there ſcales to weigh the fleſh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.

SHY. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?

POR. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much, for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

POR. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?

ANTH. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,

Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth;
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt!
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteemed above thy life.
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love:
I would ſhe were in heav'n, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome pow'r to change this curriſh Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands! I've a daughter;
Would any of the ſtock of Barrabas
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
We triſle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por.

POR. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Moſt rightful judge!

POR. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence—come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little; there is ſomething elſe:
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh;
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.

GRA. O upright judge? Mark, Jew; O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law.

POR. Thyſelf ſhall ſee the act!
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

GRA. O learned judge! Mark, Jew, a learned judge!

SHY. I take this offer, then, pay the bond thrice.
And let the Chriſtian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. The Jew ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge! a learned judge!

POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh:
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part,

Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dy'ſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe? Take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I: a ſecond Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it?
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you!
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears, by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life

Of

Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

DUKE. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

GRA. A halter gratis, nothing elſe for God's ſake.

ANTH. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine from one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Until his death unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; ſend the deed after me, And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Shakespear.

BOOK VI.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

CHARACTER OF MARIUS.

THE birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of that age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardineſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be truſted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and deſperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the moſt deſperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy.

enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory: for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself; "That man," replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions, he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory: so that his enemies dreaded him, as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver of the arts and eloquence of Rome. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by his declared enmity to the one, he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home: an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready

to

to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

MIDDLETON.

CHAP. II.

CHARACTER OF SYLLA.

SYLLA died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that during the three years, in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and a patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor

to

to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service, chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them all by his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of the army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes, and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions: for which end, he carried always about with him, a little statue of Apollo, taken from the Temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate,

unfortunate, even than thoſe whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himſelf, of being the only man in hiſtory, in whom the odium of the moſt barbarous cruelties was extinguiſhed by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cauſe, yet deteſted the inhumanity of his victory, and never ſpeaks of him with reſpect, nor of his government, but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a maſter of three moſt peſtilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the firſt of his family, whoſe dead body was burnt: for having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehenſive of the ſame inſult upon his own, if left to the uſual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the ſum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

MIDDLETON.

CHAP. III.

CHARACTER OF POMPEY.

POMPEY had early acquired the ſurname of the Great, by that ſort of merit, which, from the conſtitution of the republic, neceſſarily made him great; a fame and ſucceſs in war, ſuperior to what Rome had ever known, in the moſt celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed at three ſeveral times over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Aſia, Africa; and by his victories, had almoſt doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found

found the leſſer Aſia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about ſix years older than Cæſar: and while Cæſar, immerſed in pleaſures, oppreſſed with debts, and ſuſpected by all honeſt men, was hardly able to ſhew his head, Pompey was flouriſhing in the height of power and glory; and by the conſent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poſt that his ambition ſeemed to aim at, to be the firſt man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country: for he more than once had it in his power to have made himſelf the maſter of it without any riſk; if his virtue, or his phlegm at leaſt, had not reſtrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to ſeize by force; and by fomenting the diſorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the neceſſity of creating him dictator.

It is an obſervation of all the hiſtorians, that while Cæſar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or uſurped; whether over thoſe who loved, or thoſe who feared him; Pompey ſeemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any deſire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leiſure he found from his wars, he employed in the ſtudy of polite letters, and eſpecially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms: yet he pleaded ſeveral cauſes with applauſe, in the defence of his friends and clients; and ſome of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his ſentiments juſt; his voice ſweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms, than the gown: for though in both, he obſerved the ſame diſcipline; a

perpetual

erpetual modeſty, temperance, and gravity of outward ehaviour; yet in the licence of camps, the example was iore rare and ſtriking. His perſon was extremely grace-l, and imprinting reſpect; yet with an air of reſerved aughtineſs, which became the general better than the ci-izen. His parts were plauſible, rather than great; ſpe-ious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics ut narrow; for his chief inſtrument of governing was diſ-imulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his eal ſentiments. As he was a better ſoldier than a ſtateſ-man, ſo what he gained in the camp, he uſually loſt in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent oppoſition of the ſenate drove him to that alliance with Craſſus and Cæſar, which proved fatal both to himſelf and the republic. He took in theſe two, not as the partners, but the miniſters rather of his power; that by giving them ſome ſhare with him, he might make his own authority uncontroulable. He had no reaſon to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; ſince neither of them had any credit or charac-ter of that kind, which alone could raiſe them above the laws; a ſuperior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till by cheriſhing Cæſar, and throwing into his hands, the only thing which he wanted, arms, and mili-tary command; he made him at laſt too ſtrong for himſelf, and never began to fear him, till it was too late. Cicero warmly diſſuaded both his union, and his breach with Cæſar; and after the rupture, as warmly ſtill, the thought of giving him battle: if any of theſe counſels had been followed, Pompey had preſerved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a

natural

natural ſuperſtition, and attention to thoſe vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruſpices: he had ſeen the ſame temper in Marius and Sylla, and obſerved the happy effects of it: but they aſſumed it only out of policy, he out of principle. They uſed it to animate their ſoldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, againſt all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He ſaw all his miſtakes, at laſt, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharſalia, was forced to confeſs, that he had truſted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and ſeen farther into things than he.

The reſolution of ſeeking refuge in Egypt, finiſhed the ſad cataſtrophe of this great man. The father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and reſtoration to his kingdom; and the ſon had ſent a conſiderable fleet to his aſſiſtance in the preſent war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whoſe politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the eſtabliſhment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipſed by the admiſſion of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that ſickneſs, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his ſafety! Or if he had fallen by the chance of war on the plains of Pharſalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died ſtill glorious, though unfortunate: but, as if he had been reſerved for an example of the inſtability of human greatneſs, he, who a few days before commanded kings and conſuls, and all the nobleſt of Rome, was ſentenced to die by a council of ſlaves; murdered

dered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault of his Alban Villa. The Egyptians, however, raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

MIDDLETON.

CHAP. IV.

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators, that Rome ever bred: and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the

the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and among other works, which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe, who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain, from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth: ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary to acquire and to ſupport power; ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually on each other: with money therefore he provided ſoldiers; and with ſoldiers extorted money: and was of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the

the firſt citizens of Rome; but diſdaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he had made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the heighth, to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it; and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

MIDDLETON.

CHAP. V.

CHARACTER OF CATO.

IF we conſider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty: yet falſely meaſuring all duty by the abſurd rigour of the ſtoical rule; he was generally diſappointed of the end, which he ſought by it, the happineſs both of his private and public life. In his private conduct, he was ſevere, moroſe, inexorable; baniſhing all the ſofter affections, as natural enemies to juſtice, and as ſuggeſting falſe motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compaſſion: in public affairs he was the ſame; had but one rule of policy; to adhere to what was right; without regard to times or circumſtances, or even to a force that could controul him: for inſtead of managing the power of the great, ſo as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; ſo that, with the beſt intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic.

This

This was his general behaviour; yet, from ſome particular facts, it appears that his ſtrength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which when managed, and flattered to a certain point, would betray him ſometimes into meaſures, contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The laſt act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philoſophy: when he could no longer be, what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his ſect, was a juſt cauſe for dying; he put an end to his life, with a ſpirit and reſolution, which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occaſion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable, than amiable; fit to be praiſed, rather than imitated.

MIDDLETON.

CHAP. VI.

CHARACTER OF THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

HE who, in his YOUTH, improves his intellectual powers in the ſearch of truth and uſeful knowledge; and refines and ſtrengthens his moral and active powers, by the love of virtue, for the ſervice of his friends, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by ſacred friendſhip for ſocial, and ſoftened by virtuous love for domeſtic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who, to all theſe adds a ſober maſculine piety, equally remote from ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm; that man enjoys the moſt agreeable youth;

and

and lays in the richeſt fund for the honourable action, and happy enjoyment of the ſucceeding periods of life.

He who, in MANHOOD, keeps the defenſive and private paſſions under the wiſeſt reſtraint; who forms the moſt ſelect and virtuous friendſhips; who ſeeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generouſly deſpiſes them; who, in his private character and connections gives fulleſt ſcope to the tender and manly paſſions, and in his public character and connections ſerves his country and mankind, in the moſt upright and diſintereſted manner: who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greateſt moderation, bears its ills with the greateſt fortitude; and in thoſe various circumſtances of duty and trial maintains and expreſſes an habitual and ſupreme reverence and love of God; that man is the worthieſt character in this ſtage of life; paſſes through it with the higheſt ſatisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the moſt eaſy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the DECLINE OF LIFE preſerves himſelf moſt exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cheriſhes the moſt equal and kind affections; uſes his experience, wiſdom and authority in the moſt fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a ſenſe of the inſpection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aſpiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; and having ſuſtained his part with integrity and conſiſtency to the laſt, quits the ſtage with a modeſt and graceful triumph; this is the beſt, this is the happieſt old man.

Therefore that whole life of youth, manhood and old age which is ſpent after this manner, is the beſt and the happieſt life.

FORDYCE.

CHAP. VII.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, Will he weep with you in the hour of your diſtreſs? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or cenſuring you behind your back? Will he dare to ſtand forth in your defence, when detraction is ſecretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the ſame cordiality, and behave to you with the ſame friendly attention, in the company of your ſuperiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with thoſe of friendſhip? If misfortunes and loſſes ſhould oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the ſame diſtinction, or entertain your friends with the ſame liberality as formerly, will he ſtill think himſelf happy in your ſociety, and, inſtead of gradually withdrawing himſelf from an unprofitable connection, take pleaſure in profeſſing himſelf your friend, and cheerfully aſſiſt you to ſupport the burden of your afflictions? When ſickneſs ſhall call you to retire from the gay and buſy ſcenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, liſten with attention to your "tale of ſymptoms," and miniſter the balm of conſolation to your fainting ſpirit? And laſtly, when death ſhall burſt aſunder every earthly tie, will he ſhed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendſhip in his heart, as a treaſure never to be reſigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer

flatterer—your seducer—but, believe me, he is not your friend.

E.

CHAP. VIII.

THE RULING PASSION.

SEARCH then the Ruling Passion, There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;

A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no Man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.

In this one Paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.

Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;

As

As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my ſoul:
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
No, let a charming Chints, and Bruſſels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?
"I give and I deviſe" (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir; "My money, Sir, what all?
Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

POPE.

CHAP. IX.

The ACTOR.

THE Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want theſe pow'rs, Deportment, Voice, and Eye.
The critic ſight 'tis only Grace can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not Eaſe.
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?
Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-ſhow.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place.
Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!

Reſolv'd,

Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell:
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions e'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.

Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt:
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.

The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.

But let the generous actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.

When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode;
Fir'd with diſguſt I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe, good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!

'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphaſis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry ſtop, mark ev'ry pauſe ſo ſtrong,
Their words, like ſtage-proceſſions, ſtalk along.
All affectation but creates diſguſt,
And e'en in ſpeaking we may ſeem *too* juſt.

In vain for them the pleaſing meaſure flows,
Whoſe recitation runs it all to proſe;
Repeating what the poet ſets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,

While

While pauſe, and break, and repetition join
To make a diſcord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill th' allotted ſcene
With lifeleſs drone, inſipid and ſerene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almoſt crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer ſtrokes are ſhown,
In the low whiſper than tempeſtuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who ſwol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the ſtage.
He, who in earneſt ſtudies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A ſingle look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick ſenſation flies,
And darts its meaning from the ſpeaking Eyes;
Love, tranſport, madneſs, anger, ſcorn, deſpair,
And all the paſſions, all the ſoul is there.

LLOYD.

CHAP. X.

ODE TO EDUCATION.

WHEN now on Britain's ſea-girt ſhore,
Reſounds the threat'ning voice of war;
Burſts the loud cannon's frequent roar;
And glares the enſign from afar;

The Muſe, who ſhuns the harſh alarms
That wake the madding world to arms,
And ſcorns to ſhare the factious rage
That prompts to deeds of blood the age;
Turns joyful to thoſe happier ſeats
Where ſacred Science loves to reſt,
And Genius, 'midſt the calm retreats,
Pours all his influence o'er the breaſt:
Not more rever'd, the hallow'd bow'rs,
Where truth diſtill'd from Plato's honey'd tongue;
Nor thoſe fair ſcenes, where Tully's happier hours
In philoſophic leiſure fled along.

There Education, power divine!
Her favourite temple long has plann'd;
And calls around her ſacred ſhrine,
To guard her Laws, a choſen band.
Where yon fair Dome its front uprears,
Her venerable form appears;
To the young view one hand diſplays
The wreathe of honourable praiſe;
With ſtronger graſp her left ſuſtains
The harſher emblems of controul,
That check wild Folly's headlong reins,
And bend the rude and ſtubborn ſoul:
In dreadful ſtate, behind her glide
Her handmaids, Fear, and Jealouſy, and Shame;
By whom ſhe knows the youthful ſtep to guide,
To peace, to virtue, excellence, and fame.

Mark, how th' attentive votaries throng
Where ſhe her genuine lore imparts!

And

And catch from her inſpiring tongue,
The thirſt of praiſe, the love of arts.
As ſhe unveils the brighter day,
The ſhades of error melt away;
And ſacred Truth of ſimple mien,
In all her native charms is ſeen:
—Not ſhe who o'er her ſhadowy coaſt
Long led th' inquiring mind aſtray,
In dull ſcholaſtic reaſonings loſt;
Whilſt Ariſtotle led the way:
But ſhe who Bacon's vows approv'd,
And o'er his hours of meditation ſtole;
Who at one glance (each lingering doubt remov'd)
With charms congenial ſtrikes the human ſoul.

What joy! whilſt youth its aid ſupplies,
To trace the years that long have fled;
And bid th' illuſtrious forms ariſe,
Of ſages, and of warriors dead:
In ſoft attention catch the ſound
That Virgil's genius pours around,
Sweet, as when firſt the matchleſs ſong
Spontaneous echo'd from his tongue;
With ſprightly Horace ſmile at care,
And every fleeting hour improve;
With exil'd Ovid drop the tear;
And with Tibullus melt in love;
Or when, by Cicero taught to flow,
Strong and unfetter'd rolls the nervous line,
To feel his paſſions, catch his genuine glow,
His conquering warmth, and energy divine.

But whilſt elate the youthful bands
Each beauty of paſt ages ſhare,
Her wonted victims life demands,
And points to more ſubſtantial care:
Severer ſtudies then engage
The ſeaſons of maturer age,
To fill with honour and with eaſe,
The ſeveral ſtations Heav'n decrees.
—Yon ſprightly train, who erſt were joy'd
To trace each herb of varied hue,
That decks the mountain's vernal ſide;
And Nature's baſhful ſteps purſue;
Ere long, improv'd by ſtudious toil,
Shall ſooth the frame by fell diſeaſe oppreſt,
Bid brightening Health diffuſe her wonted ſmile,
And give to Friendſhip's vow the kindred breaſt.

Yon few—as yet unknown to ſtrife—
Whom Tully's liberal ſpirit charms,
—Foes to the ſilent paths of life,
The thirſt of elocution warms:
Theirs be the taſk, to mark with awe
The mighty edifice of law;
And having caught the general view,
Trace every varied chamber thro':
And may they ſcorn the vulgar tribe,
Who ſenſe for formal gingle ſlight;
Superior to the guilty bribe,
With learning grave, with wit polite:
By Blackſtone's bright example taught,
Watch o'er each private right with generous fear;

And

And with th' unconquer'd love of freedom fraught,
Preſerve thoſe claims to every Briton dear.

Yet nobler paths for ſome remain,—
—By hallow'd footſteps only trod;
And theſe ſhall ſeek the ſacred fane,
And give their ſtudious hours to God.
Hark! while th' inſpiring diction flows,
Each breaſt with holy rapture glows;
See trembling Guilt betrays his fears,
See ſad Repentance pours her tears,
Till from her ſtarry manſion charm'd,
The ſmiling cherub Peace deſcends,
And o'er the ſoul with doubts alarm'd,
Her guardian wings unſeen extends.
Whilſt thoſe, attentive to the cauſe
Of Britain, ſhall to her devote their days;
In the full ſenate meet unbought applauſe,
And place their glory in their country's praiſe.

Exulting Science now diſdains
The ties of Cuſtom's proud controul,
And breaks the rude and barbarous chains
That fetter'd down the freeborn ſoul;
Extinguiſh'd now her vengeful fires,
Lo! Superſtition ſlow retires;
Or from ſome cloiſter's mouldering fane,
Pours out her mutter'd curſe in vain:
Whilſt the warm breaſt, with generous joy,
Embraces all of human kind;
And ſcorns each mean and narrower tie,
To climate and to ſect confin'd:

Deaf

Deaf to the Bigot's frantic voice,
Conducts each dubious step by Reason's plan,
To her unerring rule conforms its choice,
Nor tamely yields the sacred rights of man.

O ye! whom Science chose to guide
Her unpolluted stream along,
Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
And to its taste allure the young;
O say, what language can reveal
Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
Disdains to court inglorious rest;
And to the world's admiring gaze,
(Each precept into action brought)
In full reality displays
The liberal maxims you have taught:
A transport this, superior far
To all the bliss th' exulting conqueror feels,
When crowds triumphant hail him from the war,
And conquered nations crouch beneath his wheels.

Oft as those favour'd haunts among,
Your youthful bard delighted roves,
Attentive to the nobler song
That breathes along the list'ning groves;
He seems to tread on Classic ground;
A sacred influence breathes around,
And whilst he feels its awe divine,
He fondly grasps the vast design.—
—But ah! far weightier cares renew
Their claims, and check the rising strain,

Again

Again he joins Life's general crew,
The dull, the giddy, and the vain:
Thus echoing thro' the rural bow'rs,
Th' impriſon'd Songſter hears each rival lay;
Whilſt cold reſtraint repreſſes all his pow'rs,
And unapplauded flies his joyleſs day.

R.

CHAP. XI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
—— Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,
While rouz'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleaſure's queen,

Aſſuage

Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to 'ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.
Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by Heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;

Thou,

Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of home-bred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents faultering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Can'ſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,

With

With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Leſbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damp aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:

Then,

Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
— O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding Cauſe
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.
O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On Friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wiſdom's calm abode,

Or warm in Freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by Fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and Friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XII.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superſtition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,

The

The ſons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthleſs hag, by Weſer's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the ſtream began to flow:
The vanquiſh'd were baptiz'd with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars ſtain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In ſafety to the bleak Norwegian ſhore.
There in a cave aſleep ſhe lay,
Lull'd by the hoarſe-reſounding main;
When a bold ſavage paſt that way,
Impell'd by Deſtiny, his name Diſdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear ſupplied a ſhaggy veſt;
The drifted ſnow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad ſhoulders brav'd the furious blaſt.
He ſtopt: he gaz'd; his boſom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impreſſion of her charms:
He ſeiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;
And ſtraight compreſs'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curlieu ſcream'd, the Tritons blew
Their ſhells to celebrate the raviſh'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence ſaw the light.
The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled ſtrains,
The auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads ſeiz'd with joy,

The

The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Doric muſe careſs'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wiſdom ſtor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flouriſh'd bold and ſinewy as his ſire;
While the mild paſſions in his breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal ſire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſh'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aſpiring ſoul.
On deſert iſles 'twas he that rais'd
Thoſe ſpires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He ſteel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burſt the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the ſkirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous ruſtics, ſate
On Uri's rocks in cloſe divan;
And wing'd that arrow ſure as fate,
Which aſcertain'd the ſacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching ſands he croſt,
Where blaſted Nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her tribes aduſt,
To Freedom's adamantine ſhrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghaſt,
He ſnatch'd from under fell oppreſſion's wing;

And

And taught amidſt the dreary waſte
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to ſing.
He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baſer mould,
Even now he ſtands on Calvi's rocky ſhore,
And turns the droſs of Corſica to gold.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinſel livery to deſpiſe:
My lips by him chaſtiſed to truth,
Ne'er payed that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thoſe ſculptured halls my feet ſhall never tread,
Where varniſhed Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and ſeduce, their banners ſpread;
And forge vile ſhackles for the free-born mind.
Where Inſolence his wrinkled front uprears;
And all the flowers of ſpurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miſcreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling Falſehood pert and vain,
Preſents her cup of ſtale profeſſion's froth;
And pale Diſeaſe, with all his bloated train,
Torments the ſons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering ſpoils oppreſt:
So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſſed pride,
That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay;
And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring;
Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay;
And all her gingling bells fantaſtic Folly ring;

Diſquiet,

Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread ſhall intervene:
And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſter'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study ſhall with Solitude recline;
And Friendſhip pledge me to his fellow-ſwains;
And Toil and Temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender chord that fluttering Life ſuſtains:
And fearleſs Poverty ſhall guard the door;
And Taſte unſpoil'd the frugal table ſpread;
And Induſtry ſupply the humble ſtore;
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal ſprite,
Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preſide,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

SMOLLETT.

CHAP. XIII.

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-eaſing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet Goddeſs ſure of heavenly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, diſplay;

And

And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of the ſhade,
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddeſs, ſhine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhower.
Lo! Darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhivering ghoſts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the light'nings flaſh, glide to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With Laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Paſſion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud that rides the blaſt, ſhall vex the troubled air.

SMOLLETT.

CHAP. XIV.

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL manſion! bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.
Purſu'd by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Thro' airy walks, and muſeful groves;
Springs in each plant and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this Elyſium while I ſtray,
And Nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.

Where

Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown;
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars;
Of factions, and domeſtic jars?
Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more;
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And pow'rs confed'rate to deſtroy
Priam's proud houſe, the Dardan name,
With him that ſtole the raviſh'd dame,
And, to poſſeſs another's right,
Durſt the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids cloſe,
Theſe dull impreſſions help me loſe:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to ſooth my mind;
Or waking, let me learn to live;
The proſpect will inſtruction give.
For ſee, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not ſwell'd too high, nor ſunk too low:
Such let my life's ſmooth current be,
Till, from time's narrow ſhore ſet free,
It mingle with th' eternal ſea;
And, there enlarg'd, ſhall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

HUGHES.

CHAP. XV.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN, and huntreſs, chaſte, and fair,
Now the Sun is laid to ſleep;
Seated in thy ſilver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Heſperus intreats thy light,
Goddeſs, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious ſhade
Dare itſelf to interpoſe;
Cynthia's ſhining orb was made
Heaven to cheer, when day did cloſe;
Bleſs us then with wiſhed ſight,
Goddeſs, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy cryſtal-ſhining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how ſhort ſoever:
Thou that mak'ſt a day of night,
Goddeſs, excellently bright.

B. Jonson.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous ſtranger of the wood,
Attendant on the ſpring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural ſeat,
And woods thy welcome ſing.

Soon as the daiſy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Haſt thou a ſtar to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful viſitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with muſic ſweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The ſchool-boy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flowers ſo gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'ſt thy vocal vale,
An annual gueſt, in other lands,
Another ſpring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy ſky is ever clear;
Thou haſt no ſorrow in thy ſong,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with ſocial wing,
Our annual viſit o'er the globe,
Companions of the ſpring.

CHAP. XVII.

The WINTER's WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only through the waſted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening Hope and fond Deſire
Reſign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains his fire,
And Rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope, and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife;
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

Dr. Johnson.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
He thought as a Sage, but he felt as a Man.

"Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn:
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—
Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—
But Man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
Perfumed with freſh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave.—
But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn!
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

BEATTIE.

CHAP. XIX.

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BUT now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modeſt yet majeſtic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawleſs rage,
And from within the cheriſh'd heart to brace,
Philoſophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Diſcontent, Solicitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their ſtead,
While on the kindling ſoul her vital beams are ſhed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life
The ſeeds of happineſs, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their ſtriſe,
A ſtrife by ignorance to madneſs wrought.
Pleaſure by ſavage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, luſt that defies controul,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waſte, where fiends and tempeſts howl;
As Phebus to the world, is Science to the ſoul.

And

And Reaſon now through Number, Time, and Space,
Darts the keen luſtre of her ſerious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whoſe long progreſſion leads to Deity.
Can mortal ſtrength preſume to ſoar ſo high!
Can mortal ſight, ſo oft bedim'd with tears,
Such glory bear!—for lo, the ſhadows fly
From nature's face; Confuſion diſappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obſcene, and grieſly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-ſtream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry ſpirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous ſpell,
Nor ſinks convulſive in prophetic ſwoon;
Nor bids the noiſe of drums and trumpets ſwell,
To eaſe of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chace the ſhade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely iſle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to ſmile,
And trembling hands, the famiſh'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare: ſhivering in caves,
Or ſcorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The ſurge and tempeſt, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable ſtore,

Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from ſhore to ſhore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her ſprightlieſt mood;
For there, each eye-ball gleams with luſt of gore,
Neſtles each murderous and each monſtrous brood,
Plague lurks in every ſhade, and ſteams from every flood.

'Twas from Philoſophy man learn'd to tame
The ſoil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poiſon and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, burſting from their ſlimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the ſunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

What dire neceſſities on every hand
Our art, our ſtrength, our fortitude require!
Of foes inteſtine what a numerous band
Againſt this little throb of life conſpire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aſide Death's levell'd dart,
Sooth the ſharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few ſoft nights and balmy days impart.

Nor leſs to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-compoſing ſway.
Flutters thy breaſt with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,

Or

Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the ſhade of Academus' grove;
Where cares moleſt not, diſcord melts away
In harmony, and the pure paſſions prove
How ſweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of Love.

What cannot Art and Induſtry perform,
When Science plans the progreſs of their toil!
They ſmile at penury, diſeaſe, and ſtorm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants ſcourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and ſpoil,
Deep-verſed in man the philoſophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to aſſuage.

'Tis he alone, whoſe comprehenſive mind,
From ſituation, temper, ſoil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one Form ſublime
Of polity, that, 'midſt the wrecks of time,
Secure ſhall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' aſſault of foreign or domeſtic crime,
While public faith, and public love ſincere,
And Induſtry and Law maintain their ſway ſevere.

BEATTIE.

CHAP. XX.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old Negro's darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely child,
The melancholy maſs put on kind looks, and ſmil'd.

Thou tide of glory, which no reſt doſt know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Thou golden ſhower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee deſcend, and heav'n to earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy huſband Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the luſty bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the ſky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and power by birth are thine:
From thy great ſire they came, thy ſire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to ſhew,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou,
And ſkill in painting doſt beſtow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finiſh'd, when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

Thou

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey;
And all the year doth with thee bring
A thouſand flow'ry lights, thine own nocturnal ſpring.

Thou Scythian-like doſt round thy lands above
Thy ſun's gilt tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhew.

Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild
(O greatneſs without pride!) the bluſhes of the field.

Night, and her ugly ſubjects, thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They ſkreen their horrid ſhapes, with the black hemiſphere.

With 'em there haſtes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams, a buſy ſwarm;
At the firſt opening of thine eye,
The various cluſters break, the antick atoms fly.

The guilty ſerpents, and obſcener beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill ſights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his wings, and rouſe his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy ſmile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy ſun-ſhine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the ſight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

Even Luſt, the maſter of a harden'd face,
Bluſhes if thou be'ſt in the place;
To Darkneſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathiſing Night he rolls his ſmoky fires.

When, Goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head,
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing Day.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſprites, that did preſume
A body's priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſkip as thou go'ſt.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt:
The virgin lillies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands,
Girt in thy purple ſwaddling-bands:

On the fair tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou doſt the jewels fix,
And ſolid colours in it mix:
Flora herſelf envies to ſee
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

Ah, Goddeſs! would thou could'ſt thy hand with-hold,
And be leſs liberal to gold;
Didſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care, alas, might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

To me the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are;
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddeſs, ev'n to thee.

Through the ſoft ways of heav'n, and air, and ſea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou doſt glide,
And with thy living ſtream through the cloſe channels ſlide.

But where firm bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the land o'erflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and ſtanding lake.

But the vaſt ocean of unbounded day
In th' Empyrean heav'n does ſtay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and ſprings below,
From thence took firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow.

COWLEY.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

INVOCATION to LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? Before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt

Clear

Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

MILTON.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In light'nings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſcene prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe,
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,

Of

Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow Horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's extatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,

They

They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic! ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Siſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,

Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

COLLINS.

CHAP XXIII.

PRAISE OF ENGLAND.

HAIL, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich queen of miſts and vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, roſe.
See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhow'r,
How beautiful! How blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? Happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,

Thy

Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips
Innumerous.

DYER.

CHAP. XXIV.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

COULD I recall thoſe notes, which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin. Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The footheſt ſhepherd of the flow'ry vale.
"This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace roof
Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
Thus have expanded wide their ſhelt'ring arms,
Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
Riſing and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd, "and pleaſing wearineſs
Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
And the diſeaſes of intemp'rate wealth.
Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!

"May

" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,
Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
And ſtreams around variety of lights,
Recall them erring: this is Damon's wiſh.
" Huge Breaden's ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
After a kidling: Damon, what a ſcene!
What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods;
And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe,
Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſty towns,
Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds
Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we;
We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the ſleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,

Sabrina,

Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds:
Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
Where precious min'rals dart their purple gleams,
Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
Vaga, profuſe of graces, Ryddol rough,
Blithe Yſtwith, and Clevedoc ſwift of foot;
And mingles various ſeeds of flow'rs and herbs
In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's pois'nous leaf."
He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither ev'ry ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.

DYER.

CHAP. XXV.

RISE AND DECLENSION OF ROME.

SEE'ST thou yon fane?* Ev'n now inceſſant time
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed
Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrapp'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.

Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around
Jealous, yet ſoon by wond'rous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the gen'rous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth

Was

Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? Murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their eaſy taſte; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their gen'rous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic ſhores; 'till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils: alas, proſperity!
Ah, baneful ſtate! Yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and fev'riſh thirſt of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half-rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was ſilent of their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,

The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and founding ſhield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.
Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry ſun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeate air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd

To

To ſlake Patrician thirſt: for theſe, their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bend the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants: a God, a God!
The flow'ry ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the north the tempeſt ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villa's; down the feſtive piles,

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe and luxury! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How do'ſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſhur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

DYER.

CHAP. XXVI.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

FAR to the right where Appenine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;

Whatever

Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate:
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.

Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind,
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;

No

No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaſts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart,
And even thoſe hills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms:
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;

For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low;
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?

Where

Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harſh touch faultering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow:
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;

A land

A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

GOLDSMITH.

CHAP. XXVII.

ANCIENT ROME.

THE great Republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thouſand ſtates;
Rais'd on the thrones of Kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Faſces aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quick'ning all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas riſe,
In lively proſpect; by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt, and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills, that breathe the ſcented gale:
On Baiæ's viny coaſt; where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind Zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore;
And ſuns unclouded ſhine, thro' pureſt air:
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,

To

To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive ſhade;
To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow;
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads:
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the center of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory ſee!
Behold her demigods, in ſenate met;
All head to counſel, and all heart to act:
The commonweal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her Forum ſee, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two Sires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to Tully's tongue.
Her Tribes, her Cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for me* to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.

Her

* Liberty is ſpeaking.

Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a people caſt in Virtue's mould.
While ſculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this center of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heightened luſtre met.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ANCIENT GREECE.

O GREECE! thou ſapient nurſe of Finer Arts!
Which to bright ſcience blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praiſe, that Thou, and Thou alone,
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting Time.
In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty things;
Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic ſtream, and rowling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of ſound:
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threat'ning riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.

In

In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine; the Fountain-Bard,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in th' impaſſion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk.
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee; whoſe every ſon,
Even laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.

The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning Muſic of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of paſſion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boaſt of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture ſeiz'd,
And bade them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's ſelf behind.

From

From thoſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone; expreſſing Gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinewed Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion; ſoftened into fleſh;
Was fir'd to paſſion, or refin'd to Soul.

Nor leſs thy Pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
Even ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'ſcape.

Firſt elder Sculpture taught her Siſter Art
Correct deſign; where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,

The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their eldeſt Siſter, came;
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way;
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe;
And copious action on the canvas glow:
Gave her gay Fable; ſpread Invention's ſtore;
Enlarg'd her View; taught Compoſition high,
And juſt Arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muſe a nobler aim,
And ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each moral beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouſe to glory; while, to rural life,
The ſofter canvas oft repos'd the ſoul.
There gaily broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud;
The leſs'ning proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged light'ning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,

Piped

Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public Virtue thus the ſmiling Arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids, ſerv'd; the Graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In Architecture too thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame.
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath.
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.

THOMSON.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

The KING of a FREE PEOPLE.

— THRICE happy! did they know
Their happineſs, Britannia's bounded Kings.
What tho' not theirs the boaſt, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold Freedom; or, to cheerleſs wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Juſtice, that delights
To dare the keeneſt eye of open day.
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious Will their only rule,
They deem it. What tho', tools of wanton power,
Peſtiferous Armies ſwarm not at their call.
What tho' they give not a relentleſs crew
Of Civil Furies, proud Oppreſſion's fangs!
To tear at pleaſure the dejected land,
With ſtarving labour pampering idle waſte.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from lone affliction's eye;
To raiſe hid Merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nouriſh Arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to ſpread that better Sun
Which lights up Britiſh Soul: for deeds like theſe,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior bliſs!) the dark abrupt

Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh luxury divine! O poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of Deſpotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs Good without the power of Ill.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXX.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou ſecret Source!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Free-man, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth;
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever-new.
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Mean-time true-judging moderate deſires,
Œconomy and Taſte, combin'd, direct

His

His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom Fortune heaps, without theſe Virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That Independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, ſlaves.
Britons! be firm! nor let Corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence; for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the ſpreading eye.

Thomson.

BOOK VII.

PATHETIC PIECES.

CHAP. I.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew!

The

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

COLLINS.

CHAP. II.

A WINTER PIECE.

IT was a winter's evening, and faſt came down the ſnow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blaſt did blow,
When a damſel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Preſt her baby to her boſom, and ſadly thus did ſay:

"Oh cruel was my father, that ſhut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that ſuch a ſight could ſee,
And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold,
But crueler than all, the lad that left my love for gold!

Huſh, huſh my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breaſt;
Ah little thinks thy father how ſadly we're diſtreſt;

For

For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd ſhield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold my deareſt jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, ſo warm that trickle down:
My tears that guſh ſo warm, oh they freeze before they fall:
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereſt of all."

Then down ſhe ſunk deſpairing upon the drifted ſnow,
And wrung with killing anguiſh lamented loud her woe;
She kiſt her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her ſide;
Then caſt her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

A.

CHAP. III.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Power! whoſe boſom heaves the ſigh,
When Fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs;
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that ſigh compare:
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way,
Beneath thy feet no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To ſpring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free,
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us ſlow wandering where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendſhip's griefs to bear a ſhare,
And juſtly boaſt the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to ſooth the helpleſs orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes aſſuage,
To Miſery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the ſure reſource of drooping age.

So when the genial ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of life's eventful day.

R.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
Poureſt thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like baſe worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe,
Thanks for thy ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain:——
For ſurely, thou haſt known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapleſs love,
Elſe why ſo feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus ſadden all the grove?
Say, doſt thou mourn thy raviſh'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy ſtrains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereſt thee of thy darling young?
Alas, for BOTH, I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe that ſhould have liv'd to bleſs,
And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
At once the ſource of rapture and diſtreſs,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to reſcue I eſſay'd,
By every art that Science could deviſe,
Alas! it languiſh'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to ſeek her in the ſkies—
Then O our comforts be the ſame,
At evening's peaceful hour,

To ſhun the noiſy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our ſorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconſcious of my pain!
Soon ſhalt THOU ceaſe to mourn thy lot ſevere,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing ſpring
Again ſhall plume thy ſhatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart ſhall tranſport prove,
Again ſhall flow thy notes reſponſive to thy love:
But O for me in vain may ſeaſons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring ſtill the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I count my ſorrows by increaſing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, ſay,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a ſtranger to repoſe:
O what deluſion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her laſt bequeſt—with all a mother's care,
The bitterneſs of ſorrow ſhould remove,
Soften the horrors of deſpair,
And cheer a heart long loſt to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My ſoul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flattering ſcenes had Fancy feign'd,
How did I rave of bleſſings yet in ſtore!

Till

Till every aching ſenſe was ſweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.——

"Juſt Heaven," I cry'd, with recent hopes elate,
"Yet I will live—will live, tho' Emma's dead—
So long bow'd down beneath the ſtorms of Fate,
Yet will I raiſe my woe-dejected head!
My little Emma, now my ALL,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants my raſh reſolves recall,
And for her ſake the ills of life I'll bear:
And oft together we'll complain,
Complaint, the only bliſs my ſoul can know,
From me, my child ſhall learn the mournful ſtrain,
And prattle tales of woe;
And O in that auſpicious hour,
When Fate reſigns her perſecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand ſhall cloſe,
No more to weep—my ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes,
When death gives miſery repoſe,
And opes a glorious paſſage to the ſkies."

Vain thought! it muſt not be—She too is dead—
The flattering ſcene is o'er—
My hopes for ever—ever fled—
And vengeance can no more—
Cruſh'd by misfortune—blaſted by diſeaſe—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or eaſe,
Or ſooth the anguiſh of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy ſcene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O falſely deem'd ſevere)
Shall kindly ſtop my grief-exhauſted breath,
And dry up every tear:
Perhaps, obſequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The laſt ſad office ſtrangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconſcious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life ſhall laſt,
While yet my tongue can form the impaſſion'd ſtrain,
In piteous accents ſhall the Muſe complain,
And dwell with fond delay on bleſſings paſt:
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of miſery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artleſs ſorrows flow,
And raiſe eſteem upon the baſe of woe!
Even he,* the nobleſt of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the ſoft contagion of my ſong,
And pay my penſive Muſe the tribute of a tear.

SHAW.

* Lord Lyttelton.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

"TOO daring Prince! ah whither doſt thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, Gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of Heav'n, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenour run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt;
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain;
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief reply'd: "That poſt ſhall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs, ſhall waken at the name!

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep."
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:
" O Thou! whoſe glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, This chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy."
He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by Fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.

The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd:

"Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth,
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger as the firſt in fame."

Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That ſtream'd at every look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

Pope's Homer.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA.

INJURIOUS Hermia, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; oh! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. VII.

BUCKINGHAM going to EXECUTION.

Buck. ALL good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice.
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

Sir T. Lovell. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck.

BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. — Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he ſpeak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

LOV. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

SIR N. VAUX. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

BUCK. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now feal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſſed, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry

Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune; both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd:
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

SFORZA DUKE OF MILAN PLEADING HIS CAUSE BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

SFORZA. I COME not, Emperor, t' invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuſes, or denials. I profeſs
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this inſtant
That I am in thy pow'r) I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wiſh'd
Confuſion to thy perſon and eſtates;
And with my utmoſt pow'rs, and deepeſt counſels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor ſyllable
Confeſs, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyſelf, and all men.
Now, give me leave
(My hate againſt thyſelf, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reaſons
That made me ſo affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful: had ſupplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes
Quite ſunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare ſpeak
(Nay muſt and will) his praiſe now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he ſow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own

With

With fair increaſe, and I ſtill glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They ſerv'd but as ſmall tapers to attend
The ſolemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waſte myſelf,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being baſe or unthankful.
If that, then, to be grateful
For courteſies receiv'd; or not to leave
A friend in his neceſſities, be a crime
Amongſt you Spaniards (which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd, and cheriſh'd
Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a ſlave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a ſqualid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a foreſtall'd remiſſion: that were poor,
And would but ſhame thy victory; for conqueſt
Over baſe foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wiſh'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore theſe robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my ſide
This ſword was girt: and, witneſs truth, that, now
'Tis in another's pow'r, when I ſhall part
With them and life together, I'm the ſame:
My veins then did not ſwell with pride; nor now
They ſhrink for fear.—Know, Sir, that Sforza ſtands
Prepar'd for either fortune.

But,

But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whoſe honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, loſe their names)
Has pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,
You may reſtore me, and in me inſtruct
Theſe brave commanders (ſhould your fortune change,
Which now I wiſh not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of raviſh'd maids,
Which, in a city ſack'd, call on Heav'n's juſtice,
And ſtop the courſe of glorious victories.
And, when I know the captains and the ſoldiers,
That have in the late battle done beſt ſervice,
And are to be rewarded, I myſelf,
According to their quality and merits,
Will ſee them largely recompens'd.——I've ſaid,
And now expect my ſentence.

CHARLES. Thou haſt ſo far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
(For ſuch I hold thee) and true conſtancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears ſuch palm
And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Tho' in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future hopes,
I'm glad, for thy ſake, that, in ſeeking favour,
Thou didſt not borrow of Vice her indirect,

Crooked,

Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled councils;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forc'd unto it
By a fair war of virtue.
All former passages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it fit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so: yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself;
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

MASSINGER.

CHAP. IX.

FAULCONBRIDGE and King JOHN.

FAULC. ALL Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;

And

And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

FAULC. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

FAULC. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

FAULC.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? Shall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton, brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Shakespear.

CHAP. X.

BRUTUS and TITUS.

Brut. WELL, Titus, ſpeak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempeſt were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
So huſh'd a ſtillneſs, as if all the gods
Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſaying;
Speak then, and tell me, O my beſt belov'd,
My ſon, my Titus, is all well again?

Tit. So well, that ſaying how muſt make it nothing;
So well, that I could wiſh to die this moment,

For

For ſo my heart with powerful throbs perſuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too, would be moſt happy.

BRUT. How's that, my ſon? Would death for thee be happy?

TIT. Moſt certain, ſir; for in my grave I 'ſcape
All thoſe affronts which I in life muſt look for,
All thoſe reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily caſt upon me;
From whom, to a ſoul ſo ſenſible as mine,
Each ſingle ſcorn would be far worſe than dying:
Beſides, I 'ſcape the ſtings of my own conſcience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Caſting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts ſhall guide me.

BRUT. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

TIT. Not to a mind reſolv'd. No, ſir, to me
It ſeems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulſions, and diſcolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obſequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itſelf.
Yes, ſir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witneſs,
Titus dares die, if ſo you have decreed;
Nay, he ſhall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your juſtice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I muſt confeſs my weakneſs too;
Yet it is great thus to reſolve againſt it,

To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the ſecurity of th' immortal gods.

BRUT. O Titus! Oh thou abſolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myſelf at ſuch advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my boſom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy ſoul;
Inſtead of tears weep blood, if poſſible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou muſt die, my Titus, die, my ſon;
I ſwear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated Genius of thy country
Rears his ſad head, and paſſes ſentence on thee:
This morning ſun, that lights my ſorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never ſee thee more.

TIT. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your ſorrow?
Why ſhould the god-like Brutus ſhake to doom me?
Why all theſe trappings for a traitor's herſe?
The gods will have it ſo.

BRUT. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwiſe.
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I ſearch,
My haraſs'd ſoul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I ſee the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It ſeems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling ſpirits of the people,
And ſettle the looſe liberty of Rome.

'Tis

'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to ſave thee from the axe.

TIT. The axe! O Heav'n! then muſt I fall ſo baſely?
What, ſhall I periſh by the common hangman?

BRUT. If thou deny me this, thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Yes, Titus, ſince the gods have ſo decreed
That I muſt loſe thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will aſcend myſelf the ſad tribunal,
And ſit upon my ſons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee ſuffer all the ſhame of death,
The lictor's laſhes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpoſe,
To make my juſtice quite tranſcend example.

TIT. Scourg'd like a bondman! ha! a beaten ſlave!
But I deſerve it all; yet here I fail:
The image of this ſuff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer ſtop the guſhing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! muſt I call you Father,
Yet have no token of your tenderneſs?
No ſign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you reſolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To ſit unmov'd, and ſee me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why ſhould you make my heart ſuſpect

That

That all your late compaſſion was diſſembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my preſent paſſion,
By theſe unmanly tears, theſe earthquakes here,
Theſe ſighs that twitch the very ſtrings of life:
Think that no other cauſe on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to ſob, or ſhed a tear,
Nor ſhake my ſolid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it ſhameful,
That thus ſhall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy ſuff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beaſt, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curſe the cruel fates
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O riſe, thou violated majeſty,
Riſe from the earth, or I ſhall beg thoſe fates
Which you would curſe to bolt me to the center.
I now ſubmit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of juſtice,
Nay, all you lictors, ſlaves, and common hangmen,
Come, ſtrip me bare, unrobe me in his ſight,
And laſh me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've ſcourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of ſpirits groveling in the duſt,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods I greedily reſign it.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell:
If there be gods, they will reſerve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One laſt embrace.
What is it makes thy eyes thus ſwim again?

TIT. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in aſhes.

BRUT. Leave her to my care.
See her thou muſt not, for thou canſt not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-ſtrings:
Farewell for ever.

TIT. O Brutus! O my father!

BRUT. Canſt thou not ſay farewell?

TIT. Farewell for ever.

BRUT. For ever then; but O my tears run o'er;
Groans choak my words, and I can ſpeak no more.

LEE.

CHAP. XI.

SEBASTIAN AND DORAX.

Re-enter DORAX, *having taken off his turbant, and put on a European habit.*

DORAX. NOW do you know me?

SEBASTIAN. Thou ſhould'ſt be Alonzo.

DOR. So you ſhould be Sebaſtian;
But when Sebaſtian ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

SEB. As in a dream
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine eyes.

DOR. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that lethargy ſhould wake;
And death ſhould give you back to anſwer me.
A thouſand nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings

Over theſe eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal ſleep is welcome.

SEB. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whoſe royal office is redreſs of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a ſoldier.

DOR. 'Tis the firſt juſtice thou haſt ever done me;
Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet ſhall my cauſe of vengeance firſt be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

SEB. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majeſty to hear:
I warn thee thus, becauſe I know thy temper
Is inſolent and haughty to ſuperiors:
How often haſt thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noiſy brawls, and windy boaſts;
And, with paſt ſervice, nauſeouſly repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy prince?

DOR. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings: for puniſhment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I muſt, and will reproach thee with my ſervice,
Tyrant, (it irks me ſo to call my prince)
But juſt reſentment and hard uſage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

SEB. How, tyrant!

DOR. Tyrant!

SEB. Traitor; that name thou can'ſt not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumciſion
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

DOR. If I'm a traitor, think, and bluſh, thou tyrant,
Whoſe injuries betray'd me into treaſon,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heaven to hell;
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the ſaints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning ſure.

SEB. Thy old preſumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my firſt diſlike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

DOR. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Liſbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a ſtatue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By ſycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhould catch, and firſt applaud
The ſtuff or royal nonſenſe: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely words were carp'd, and cenſur'd,
For want of courtly ſtyle: related actions
Though modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts:
Secure of merit, if I aſk'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from pimps and paraſites.

Henriquez anſwer'd, with a ready lie,
To ſave his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What ſay'ſt thou of Henriquez? Now by Heav'n,
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd ſcurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him,
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and ſmile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man miſtreſs.

Seb. All falſe as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy ſtandard in theſe foreign fields:
By me thy greatneſs grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I ſee to what thou tend'ſt; but tell me firſt,
If thoſe great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not ſome, and pride the reſt?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to aſk my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I ſpoke;
And aſk'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd paſſenger expect a bounty
From thoſe rapacious hands who ſtripp'd him firſt?

Seb. He had my promiſe, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My ſervices deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt revoke it.

Seb.

SEB. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despight,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd!

DOR. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own?

SEB. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

DOR. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

SEB. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to list thy hands
Against anointed power:——so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

DOR. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,

Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has Honour's fountain then ſuck'd back the ſtream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back——
Give me revenge, while I have breath to aſk it——

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt aſk it——
Nor ſhall the ſacred character of king
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No; to diſprove that lie I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy ſoul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it elſe
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That iſthmus ſtands between two ruſhing ſeas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar;
And ſtrive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that iſthmus,
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I ſav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loath to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.

Seb. Oh, patience, Heav'n!

Dor.

DOR. Beware of patience too;
That's a ſuſpicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.

SEB. Now can I thank thee as thou would'ſt be thank'd:
[*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true ſword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the liſts of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go; bear my meſſage to Henriquez' ghoſt;
And ſay his maſter and his friend reveng'd him.

DOR. His ghoſt! then is my hated rival dead?

SEB. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.

DOR. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

SEB. He's dead: make haſte, and thou may'ſt yet o'ertake him.

DOR. When I was haſty, thou delay'dſt me longer.
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe: for thy life preſerv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whoſe death next thine I wiſh'd.

SEB. If it would pleaſe thee, thou ſhould'ſt never know:
But thou, like jealouſy, enquir'ſt a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he dy'd in fight:

Fought next my perſon; as in conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his ſhield in my defence,
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound:
Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body croſs their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!

Seb. I propheſy'd thy proud ſoul could not bear it.
Now judge thyſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durſt I ſay) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the ſhining angel hoſt
Who ſhould ſtand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent ſtars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worſe than hell! what glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquir'd by ſuch a death!
I ſhould have fallen by Sebaſtian's ſide,
My corpſe had been the bulwark of my king,
His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
Ill-ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life:
It ſuited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your ſervice dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confeſs, proud ſpirit,

(For

(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.

DOR. Oh, whither would you drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes, I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling ſoul,
Henriquez had your love with more deſert:
For you he fought and dy'd; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your ſacred life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my ſoul; my ſoul's a regicide.

SEB. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'ſt to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didſt thou not, Alonzo?

DOR. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that bleſt age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And loſt, like Lucifer, my name above.

SEB. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

DOR. I ſav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.

SEB. Nay, if thou can'ſt be griev'd, thou can'ſt repent:
Thou could'ſt not be a villain, though thou would'ſt:
Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

DOR. Oh, ſtop this headlong torrent of your goodneſs;
It comes too faſt upon a feeble ſoul,
Half-drown'd in tears before; ſpare my confuſion;
For pity ſpare, and ſay not, firſt you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,

To throw myſelf beneath your royal feet.
Now ſpurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou ſhould'ſt not aſk forgiveneſs firſt,
But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill, in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my ward,
Her ſoul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing courtſhip,
Effect the conſummation of his love:
So, ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n, while Heaven bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, ſaid you? My Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot ſpeak;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as mine.

Seb. Thou canſt not ſpeak, and I can ne'er be ſilent.
Some ſtrange reverſe of fate muſt ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance

Of

Of Heav'n to bleſs me thus. 'Tis gold ſo pure,
It cannot bear the ſtamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With eaſe the gifts of fortune I reſign;
But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

DRYDEN.

CHAP. XII.

ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

ANT. THEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs.
'Tis what the day deſerves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
'Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt downward
To be trod out by Cæſar?

VENT. [*Aſide.*] On my ſoul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!

ANT. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony, wouldſt thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting age.

VENT. [*Aſide.*] How ſorrow ſhakes him!
So now the tempeſt tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

ANT. [*Having thrown himſelf down.*] Lie there, thou ſhadow of an emperor;
The place thou preſſeſt on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold aſhes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæſar.
Cæſar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To ſee his rival of the univerſe
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me ſome muſic; look that it be ſad.
I'll ſooth my melancholy, 'till I ſwell,
And burſt myſelf with ſighing——
'Tis ſomewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady foreſt's ſylvan ſcene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath ſome blaſted oak,
I lean my head upon the moſſy bark,
And look juſt of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like miſletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——

VENT. Methinks, I fancy
Myſelf there too.

ANT. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearleſs, quench their thirſt, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

VENT. I muſt diſturb him. I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*

ANT. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

VENT. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.

ANT.

ANT. I'm angry.

VENT. So am I.

ANT. I would be private. Leave me.

VENT. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

ANT. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that anſwer? Who am I?

VENT. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n.
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a ſin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.

ANT. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

VENT. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.

ANT. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfy'd?
For, if a friend, thou haſt beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

VENT. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afreſh into my eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.

ANT. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops courſe one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I ſhall bluſh to death; they ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

VENT. I'll do my beſt.

ANT. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, father——

VENT.

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the ſtyle of victory.
The conqu'ring ſoldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general ſo: but never more
Shall that ſound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——

Vent. It ſits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly ſlumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my ſhame—
I loſt a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt;
For Julius fought it out, and loſt it fairly:
But Antony——

Vent. Nay, ſtop not.

Ant. Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his ſoldiers fought? fled firſt, Ventidius.
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have loſt my reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The name of ſoldier, with inglorious eaſe.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,

Sate

Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other hands.
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years.
When firſt I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crouding to my triumphs;
The wiſh of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd againſt my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe: yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, ſoldier,
To curſe this madman, this induſtrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curſe me.

VENT. No.

ANT. Why?

VENT. You are too ſenſible already
Of what you've done; too conſcious of your failings;
And like a ſcorpion, whipt by others firſt
To fury, ſting yourſelf in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

ANT. I know thou would'ſt.

VENT. I will.

ANT. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

VENT. You laugh.

ANT. I do, to ſee officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

VENT. You would be loſt then?

ANT. I am.

VENT.

Vent. I ſay you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate
Without juſt cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.

Vent. Cæſar thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæſar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myſelf; and ſo reſolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, Ventidius.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you ſleep away your hours
In deſperate ſloth, miſcall'd philoſophy.
Up, up, for honour's ſake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys,
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to ſee their ſun-burnt faces,
Their ſcarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em:
They'll ſell thoſe mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I ſaid, in lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant.

ANT. Why didſt thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my deſpair? They're mutinous.
VENT. Moſt firm and loyal.
ANT. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. Oh, trifler!
VENT. They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
ANT. I'm beſieg'd.
VENT. There's but one way ſhut up—How came I hither?
ANT. I will not ſtir.
VENT. They would perhaps deſire
A better reaſon.
ANT. I have never us'd
My ſoldiers to demand a reaſon of
My actions. Why did they refuſe to march?
VENT. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.
ANT. What was't they ſaid?
VENT. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why ſhould they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a ſlave? To gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiſs, at your next midnight feaſt,
You'll ſell to her?—Then ſhe new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond ſuch or ſuch a tax;
Each pendant in her ear ſhall be a province.
ANT. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; ſhe deſerves
More worlds than I can loſe.
VENT. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entruſted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Aſia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthleſs woman!

I think

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wafteful hands.

Ant. You grow prefumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to fpeak.

Ant. Plain love! Plain arrogance, plain infolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under feeming honefty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the firft Cæfar was, that I might kill thee
Without ftain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For fhowing you yourfelf,
Which none elfe durft have done. But had I been
That name, which I difdain to fpeak again,
I needed not have fought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been fo call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, foldier;
I've been too paffionate.

Vent. You thought me falfe;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindnefs
Has left your fword no work.

Ant. I did not think fo;
I faid it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.

Why

Why didſt thou tempt my anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear?

VENT. No prince but you
Could merit that ſincerity I us'd,
Nor durſt another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love miſled your wand'ring eyes,
Were ſure the chief and beſt of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boaſt of nature.

ANT. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.

VENT. No more.

ANT. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my paſſion; but thou may'ſt;
Thou only lov'ſt, the reſt have flatter'd me.

VENT. Heaven's bleſſing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

ANT. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praiſes were unjuſt; but, I'll deſerve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.

VENT. And, will you leave this——

ANT. Pr'ythee do not curſe her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conqueſt, empire, all, but honour:
But I will leave her.

VENT. That's my royal maſter.
And, ſhall we fight?

ANT. I warrant thee, old ſoldier;
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come follow me.

VENT.

VENT. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

ANT. Oh, Cleopatra!

VENT. Again!

ANT. I've done. In that last sigh, she went,
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

VENT. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

ANT. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

VENT. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

ANT. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

DRYDEN.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THEODOSIUS AND MARCIAN.

THEO. HA! what raſh thing art thou, who ſett'ſt ſo ſmall
A value on thy life, thus to preſume
Againſt the fatal orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæſar's ſolitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

MAR. Mighty Cæſar,
I have tranſgreſs'd, and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commiſſion'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praiſes,
Thou darling of mankind! whoſe conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whoſe deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wiſe Auguſtus envy thee in heav'n!
What mean the Fates by ſuch prodigious virtue?
When ſcarce the manly down yet ſhades thy face,
With conqueſts thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Deſtiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I ſee thee mourn'd above the loſs
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are ſolemniz'd with tears and blood.

THEO. How, Marcian!

MAR. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, ſet no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;

With

With wild deſpair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' ſorrow in the ſtreets.
Trade is no more, all courts of juſtice ſtopt;
With ſtones they daſh the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars; break their houſehold gods;
And ſtill the univerſal groan is this,
" Conſtantinople's loſt, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleaſure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?"

Theo. I know thee well, thy cuſtom and thy manners.
Thou doſt upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life——

Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourſelf into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardleſs face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in ſpite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to ſtand the teſt
Which Virtue brings; like ſores, your vices ſhake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodoſius,
The grandfather of your illuſtrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Preſuming Marcian!
What canſt thou urge againſt my innocence?
Thro' the whole courſe of all my harmleſs youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to ſhame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the ſway
To other hands, and your poor ſubjects ſuffer,

Your

Your negligence to them is as the cauſe.
O Theodoſius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how ſoldiers cenſure kings;
In after-times, if thus you ſhould go on,
Your memory by warriors will be ſcorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will deſpiſe your ſloth, and backward eaſe,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is ſcorn, or pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, deteſtation,
Let me be horrid to all apprehenſion,
And the world ſhun me, ſo I eſcape but ſcorn.

THEO. Pr'ythee, no more.

MAR. Nay, when the legions make compariſons,
And ſay, Thus cruel Nero once reſolv'd,
On Galba's inſurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poiſon the whole ſenate at a feaſt;
To burn the city, turn the wild beaſts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That ſo obſtructing thoſe that quench'd the fire,
He might at once deſtroy rebellious Rome ——

THEO. O cruelty! Why tell'ſt thou me of this?
Am I of ſuch a barb'rous bloody temper?

MAR. Yet ſome will ſay, This ſhew'd he had a ſpirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That ſavour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial ſycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whoſe utmoſt is the ſmalleſt part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,

And never be one. O y' immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus?
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee:
Hence, be gone, I say——

Mar. Not 'till you have heard me out——
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Include a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet:
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with his prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions:
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar.

MAR. Go to, you are a boy——
Or by the gods——

THEO. If arrogance, like this,
And to the emperor's face, ſhould 'ſcape unpuniſh'd,
I'll write myſelf a coward; die then, villain,
A death too glorious for ſo bad a man,
By Theodoſius' hand.

[Marcian *diſarms him, but is wounded.*

MAR. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman ſpirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commiſſions, ſham'd me to the earth,
Baniſh'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the ſoldiers hourly aſk it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, beſides, this purple youth my footſtool?
The armies court me: and my country's cauſe,
The injuries of Rome and Greece perſuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for leſs than this, the latter Brutus,
Becauſe he thought Rome wrong'd, in perſon head
Againſt his friend a black conſpiracy,
And ſtab the majeſty of all the world?

THEO. Act as you pleaſe: I am within your pow'r.

MAR. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And ſhall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawleſs pleaſures,
Raviſh from the empire its dear health,

Well-being, happineſs, and ancient glory?
Go on in this diſhonourable reſt?
Shall he, I ſay, dream on, while the ſtarv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of ſuſtenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its conſtant loyalty! I would but ſhake him,
Rouſe him a little from this death of honour,
And ſhew him what he ſhould be.

THEO. You accuſe me,
As if I were ſome monſter moſt unheard of!
Firſt, as the ruin of the army; then,
Of taking your commiſſion: but, by Heav'n,
I ſwear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it: nor ſay I this
To alter thy ſtern uſage; for with what
Thou'ſt ſaid, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.

MAR. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid uſage of the ſuff'ring ſoldier:
But why will not our Theodoſius know?
If you entruſt the government to others,
That act theſe crimes, who but yourſelf's to blame?
Be witneſs, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcian's honeſty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my baniſhment: but, alas!
My loſs is little to what ſoon will follow:
Reflect but on yourſelf, and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas

'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your eſpouſals ſhould be ſolemniz'd;
When on a ſudden here you ſend your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudoſia,
Should loſe her head.

THEO. Oh, heav'n and earth! What ſay'ſt thou?
That I have ſeal'd the death of my Eudoſia!

MAR. 'Tis your own hand and ſignet: yet I ſwear,
Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your ſway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curſe all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as ſhe was doom'd,
And on the ſcaffold, for that purpoſe rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army——

THEO. What! on a ſcaffold! Ha! before the army!

MAR. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To ſoft compaſſion, and relenting tears?
But when the axe
Sever'd the brighteſt beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of diſtant thunder, ran
Through all the armed hoſt, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkneſs that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at ſuch a ſuff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

THEO. O Pulcheria!
Cruel ambitious ſiſter! this muſt be
Thy doing. Oh, ſuppport me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike: behold,
I offer thee my breaſt; with my laſt breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'ſt my blood.

Were I to live, thy counſel ſhall direct me;
But 'tis too late. ——

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudoſia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, ſhe calls you to the temple.
Oh, Lucius, help! —— I've gone too far; but ſee,
He breathes again. —— Eudoſia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudoſia?

Mar. Yes, ſhe lives:
I did but feign the ſtory of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!
Yet 'tis moſt certain that you ſign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wife Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to ſtartle you:
But by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emp'ror, royal maſter!
Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh words,
And was a madman. —— By th' immortal gods!
I love you as my ſoul: whate'er I ſaid,
My thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe tears,
Which do not uſe to flow: all ſhall be well.
I ſwear that there are ſeeds in that ſweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee firſt for my Eudoſia's life.
What, but my love, could have call'd back that life
Which thou haſt made me hate? But, oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever rev'renc'd as my father,

To

To hear ſo harſh a meſſage!——But, no more;
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not riſe,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
Firſt let me wed Eudoſia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's paſt: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!——

MAR. Let her not reſt then;
Eſpouſe her ſtraight: I'll ſtrike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods!
O what a ſight will this be to the ſoldier,
To ſee me bring you dreſs'd in ſhining armour,
To head the ſhouting ſquadrons!——O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The ſounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums.
I ſee each ſtarving ſoldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with ſobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms; he's come; our emp'ror's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and ſleeping,
Faſting, or praying? Come, come, you ſhall be merry:
And for Eudoſia, ſhe is yours already:
Marcian has ſaid it, Sir; ſhe ſhall be yours.

THEO. Oh, Marcian! Oh my brother, father, all!
Thou beſt of friends! moſt faithful counſellor!

I'll find a match for thee too, ere I reſt,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
I'm ſtrong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

Lee.

CHAP. XIV.

GLOSTER and HASTINGS.

Glost. MY Lord, y'are well encount'red; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, ſhe has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adverſity. I told her
How worthily her cauſe you had befriended;
How much for your good ſake we meant to do,
That you had ſpoke, and all things ſhould be well.

Hast. Your highneſs binds me ever to your ſervice.

Glost. You know your friendſhip is moſt potent with us,
And ſhares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear;
The ſtate is out of tune: diſtracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counſels;
Amidſt the wealthy city, murmurs riſe,
Lewd railings, and reproach on thoſe that rule,
With open ſcorn of government; hence credit,
And public truſt 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden ſtreams of commerce are with-held,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curſe the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast.

HAST. The reſty knaves are over-run with eaſe,
As plenty ever is the nurſe of faction;
If in good days, like theſe, the headſtrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine, it is
Becauſe the reins of power are held too ſlack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than juſtice.

GLOST. Beſhrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The ſource of theſe diſorders. Who can wonder
If riot and miſrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown ſits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to ſpeak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And ſum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

HAST. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloſter's valour and moſt princely wiſdom
So well ſupply our infant ſov'reign's place,
His youth's ſupport, and guardian to his throne.

GLOST. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant ſceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and ſubject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and uſeleſs to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I ſhould not ſuffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by diſcord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt diſputed titles.

HAST. Of this I am to learn; as not ſuppoſing
A doubt like this——

GLOST. Ay, marry, but there is—
And that of much concern. Have you not heard

How, on a late occaſion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulneſs
Of Edward's iſſue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A baſtard ſcion never ſhould be grafted
Upon a royal ſtock; from thence, at full
Diſcourſing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that ſame buxom widow
The queen he left behind him——

Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling prieſts, who kindle up confuſion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain ſcruples!
By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect ſpite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal maſter, Edward, in concurrence
With his eſtates aſſembled, well determine
What courſe the ſov'reign rule ſhould take henceforward?
When ſhall the deadly hate of faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long-divided land have reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſeleſs rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with ſome fantaſtic giddy change?

Glost. What if ſome patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your ſcheme, new-mould the ſtate?

Hast. Curſe on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blaſt the traitor
And his pernicious counſels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatneſs, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glost.

GLOST. You go too far, my lord.

HAST. Your highneſs' pardon——
Have we ſo ſoon forgot thoſe days of ruin,
When York and Lancaſter drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her ſons,
And caſt beſide ſome common way, a ſpectacle
Of horror and affright to paſſers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and maſſacres prevail'd:
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When inſolence and barbariſm triumph'd,
And ſwept away diſtinction; peaſants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend croſier, and the holy mitre,
And deſolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to ſheath a dagger in his heart
Whoſe damn'd ambition would renew thoſe horrors,
And ſet once more that ſcene of blood before us?

GLOST. How now! ſo hot!

HAST. So brave, and ſo reſolv'd.

GLOST. Is then our friendſhip of ſo little moment,
That you could arm your hand againſt my life?

HAST. I hope your highneſs does not think I mean it;
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely perſon
Should come within the ſcope of my reſentment.

GLOST. Oh, noble Haſtings! Nay, I muſt embrace you:
By holy Paul, y' are a right honeſt man!
The time is full of danger and diſtruſt,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealouſy and light ſurmiſe,
If when I mean to lodge you next my heart,

I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's beſt ſupport:
For me, I aſk no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

HAST. Accept what thanks a grateful heart ſhould pay,
Oh, princely Gloſter! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and inſolent of ſpeech,
If, when the public ſafety is in queſtion,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

GLOST. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much againſt the plainneſs of my nature:
I judge you by myſelf, a clear true ſpirit,
And, as ſuch, once more join you to my boſom.
Farewell, and be my friend.

HAST. I am not read,
Nor ſkill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatneſs,
To kindle thus, and give a ſcope to paſſion.
The duke is ſurely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'reſt point; the maſter-ſtring
That makes moſt harmony or diſcord to me.
I own the glorious ſubject fires my breaſt,
And my ſoul's darling paſſion ſtands confeſs'd;
Beyond or love's or friendſhip's ſacred band,
Beyond myſelf, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleaſure for my country's good.

ROWE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

GUSTAVUS AND DALECARLIANS.

1ſt DALE. LET us all ſee him!

2d DALE. Yes, and hear him too.

3d DALE. Let us be ſure 'tis he himſelf.

4th DALE. Our general.

5th DALE. And we will fight while weapons can be found.

6th DALE. Or hands to wield them.

7th DALE. Get on the bank, Guſtavus.

ANDERSON. Do, my Lord.

GUSTAVUS. My countrymen!——

1ſt DALE. Ho! hear him.

2d DALE. Peace!

3d DALE. Peace!

4th DALE. Peace!

GUS. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your loſt Guſtavus, 'ſcap'd
Thro' wounds, impriſonments, and chains, and deaths,
Thus ſudden, thus unlook'd for ſtands before ye.
As one eſcap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no muſic but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my ſiſter's early innocence,
And mother's age now grind beneath captivity:
Nor that one bloody, one remorſeleſs hour
Swept my great ſire, and kindred from my ſide;
For them Guſtavus weeps not, though my eyes

Were far leſs dear, for them I will not weep.
But, Oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberleſs, thy nameleſs, ſhameful infamies,
My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy deſolation, ſpite of rage—
And vengeance that would choak them—tears will flow.

And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to ſtab and ſmile; to ſtab the babe
That ſmiles upon them.

Arn. What accurſed hours
Roll o'er thoſe wretches, who to fiends like theſe
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for?

Gus. Oh, Liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou ſocial ſoul of property,
Thou breath of reaſon, life of life itſelf!
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, ſacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the ſummer's ſnare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold ſtork you ſeek the wintry ſhore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to ſlaves,
Cleave to the cold, and reſt upon the ſtorm.
Upborne by thee, my ſoul diſdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee, I ſought this fav'rite ſoil; with thee,
Theſe fav'rite ſons I ſought; thy ſons, Oh, Liberty:
For ev'n amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world

As

As the great ſtake, the laſt effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirſt, the food,
The ſcope and bright ambition of your ſouls?
Why elſe have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
From the proud ſummit of their glitt'ring thrones,
Caſt down the mightieſt of your lawful kings
That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but liberty,
Through the fam'd courſe of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invaſion from your hills,
And ſanctify'd their ſhade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours ſtoop to foreign inſult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harveſt of a thouſand years of glory?

1ſt DALE. No.

2d DALE. Never, never.

3d DALE. Periſh all firſt.

4th DALE. Die all!

GUS. Yes, die by piecemeal!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
Now from my ſoul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To ſee ye fear'd; to ſee that ev'n your foes,
Do juſtice to your valours!—There they be
The pow'rs of kingdoms, ſumm'd in yonder hoſt,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to aſſail ye.
And, Oh, when I look round and ſee you here,
Of number ſhort, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart ſwells high and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from oppoſition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thouſand ſlaves,
Match'd to the ſinew of a ſingle arm
That ſtrikes for liberty? That ſtrikes to ſave

His fields from fire, his infants from the ſword,
His couch from luſt, his daughters from pollution;
And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What, doubt we then? Shall we, ſhall we ſtand here
'Till motives that might warm an ague's froſt,
And nerve the coward's arm, ſhall poorly ſerve
To wake us to reſiſtance?—Let us on!
Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You ſhall not be withheld; we will ruſh on them—
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And puſh yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain?

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Guſtavus; one word more
Is but delay of conqueſt.

Gus. Take your wiſh.
He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
And ſo be furniſh'd. You, moſt noble Anderſon,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And ſkirt the foreſt down: then wheel at once,
Conſeſs'd to view, and cloſe upon the vale:
Myſelf, and my moſt valiant couſin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and theſe hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onſet.
Joy, joy, I ſee confeſs'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breaſts beat high?
Thin though our ranks, though ſcanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.

With

With us, truth, juſtice, fame, and freedom cloſe,
Each, ſingly equal to an hoſt of foes,
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
Thunder within his graſp, and light'ning in his eye!

BROOKE.

CHAP. XVI.

GUSTAVUS AND CRISTIERN.

CRIST. TELL me, Guſtavus, tell me, why is this,
That, as a ſtream diverted from the banks
Of ſmooth obedience, thou haſt drawn thoſe men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my miſguided people held ſo light,
That thus thou'dſt puſh them on the keen rebuke
Of guarded majeſty; where juſtice waits,
All awful, and reſiſtleſs, to aſſert
Th' impervious rights, the ſanctitude of kings,
And blaſt rebellion?

GUS. Juſtice, ſanctitude,
And rights! Oh, patience! Rights! What rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,
If wrongs give right, Oh, then, ſupreme in miſchief,
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!
Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'ſt
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the ſpecialty of luſt,
And ſenſual attribution; if thou think'ſt

That

That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall diſenfranchiſe all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral iſſue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the truſt
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authoriſe oppreſſion, give a law
For lawleſs power, wed faith to violation,
On reaſon build miſrule, or juſtly bind
Allegiance to injuſtice. Tyranny
Abſolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an uſurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou haſt abjur'd mankind,
Daſh'd ſafety from thy bleak, unſocial ſide,
And wag'd wild war with univerſal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canſt talk it largely,
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poiſe of battle lay, and arms, of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed muſt'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne againſt the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chaſe,
And ſhiver in the toil.

Gus. Miſtaken man!
I come impower'd, and ſtrengthen'd in thy weakneſs;
For tho' the ſtructure of a tyrant's throne

Riſe

Riſe on the necks of half the ſuff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
And ſecret curſes ſap its mould'ring baſe,
And ſteal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a ſingle arm but dare the ſway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon deſtruction.

TROLLIO. Profane, and alien to the love of Heav'n!
Art thou ſtill harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'ſt thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, caſt out,
Made an anathema, a curſe enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,
As ſacred to damnation?

GUS. Yes, I know,
When ſuch as thou, with ſacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apoſtolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To ſhut out virtue, and unfold thoſe gates,
That Heav'n itſelf had barr'd againſt the luſts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and ſweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Chriſtian meekneſs! miſſion all divine!
The law of love ſole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swediſh prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of ſweet, but indigeſted peace,
To wrath and bitterneſs. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice ſanctifies, whoſe precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heav'n, but with a downward eye,
That turns your ſouls to droſs; who, ſhouting, looſe

The

The dogs of hell upon us. Theſts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
Receive your ſanction. Oh, tis glorious miſchief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Aſſumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of ſaintly elevation, bleſſeth ſin,
And makes the ſeal of ſweet offended Heav'n
A ſign of blood, a label for decrees,
That hell would ſhrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.
Guſtavus, wouldſt thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the ſphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial ſpoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thouſand orphans,
Give me the ſons in whom thy ruthleſs ſword
Has left our widows childleſs. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whoſe patriot breaſt
Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou canſt not!
Thou haſt outſinn'd all reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And ſpare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms
Of compact and ſubmiſſion.

Gus. Ha! with thee?
Compact with thee! and mean'ſt thou for my country,
For Sweden? No, ſo hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the ſight my ſtraining eyes ſtart forth—
They both ſhall periſh firſt.

Brooke.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

ISABELLA AND ANGELO.

ISAB. I AM a woful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

ANG. Well; what's your ſuit?

ISAB. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt.

ANG. Well; the matter?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

ANG. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISAB. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;—— Heaven keep your honour!
Muſt he needs die?

ANG. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither Heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

ANG. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would?

ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

ANG.

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? Why, no; I that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once:
And he that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow, oh! that's ſudden. Spare him,
ſpare him.
Good, good my lord, bethink you:

Who

Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many hath committed it.

ANG. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

ANG. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

ISAB. So you muſt be the firſt that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.

—— Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Splitt'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſs'd in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the angels weep.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Isab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the voice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that Heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.

Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-morrow.

Isab. Heav'n keep your honour ſafe!

Ang.

ANG. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
ANG. At any time 'fore-noon.
ISAB. Save your honour!

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVIII.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

§. 1.

K. JOHN. COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By Heav'n, Hubert, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
HUB. I am much bounden to your majeſty.
K. JOHN. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt have—creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay—but let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,

To

To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes);
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not.——Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way.
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub.

HUB. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He ſhall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember.——

§. 11.

HUB. My lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night.
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

HUB. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN. It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law: to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than adviſ'd reſpect.

HUB. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. JOHN. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

HUB. My lord——

K. JOHN. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;

Deep

Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

HUB. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And you have ſlander'd Nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? O haſte thee to the peers.
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.

Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIX.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

NORTH. YEA, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, Morton, didſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

MORT. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt maſk
To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my ſon and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: Your ſon did thus and thus:
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with, Brother, ſon, and all are dead!

MORT.

MORT. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord, your ſon——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, ſpeak;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

MORT. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

BARDOLPH. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

MORT. I'm ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That which I would to Heav'n I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire

Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him rebated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the king hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy pow'r to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter
And Weſtmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſic: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

Are

Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heav'n kiſs earth! Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XX.

THE BARD.

"RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
"Confuſion on thy banners wait;
"Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
"They mock the air with idle ſtate!
"Helm, nor hauberk's twiſted mail,
"Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
"To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the ſounds that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,

As down the ſteep of Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert-cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
"O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That huſh'd the ſtormy main:
"Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whoſe magic ſong
"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
"On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
"Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
"Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
"The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
"Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
"Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,

"Dear,

" Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
" Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries —
" No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
" On yonder cliffs, a griſly band,
" I ſee them ſit: they linger yet,
" Avengers of their native land:
" With me in dreadful harmony they join,
" And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line."

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!
" She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord,
" Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable warrior fled?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
" The ſwarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.

" Fair

" Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his ev'ning-prey.

" Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his conſort's faith, his father's fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread;
" The briſtled boar, in infant gore,
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"

" Stay,

" Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
" Leave me unbleſs'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
" In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
" They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
" But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
" Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
" Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
" Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
" No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
" All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

" Girt with many a Baron bold
" Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
" And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
" In bearded majeſty, appear.
" In the midſt a form divine!
" Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
" Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
" Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
" What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
" What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
" Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin, hear;
" They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
" Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
" Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

" The verſe adorn again
" Fierce War, and faithful Love,
" And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
" In buſkin'd meaſures move
" Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
" With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.

" A voice,

" A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
" Gales from blooming Eden bear;
" And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
" That lost in long futurity expire.
" Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
" To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
" And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
" Enough for me: with joy I see
" The different doom our fates assign.
" Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
" To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

GRAY.

THE following Original Poem was communicated by a Friend too late to be inserted in its proper place among the Descriptive Pieces.

TO A FRIEND JUST LEAVING A FAVOURITE HAMLET.

ERE yet your footsteps quit the place
Your presence long hath deign'd to grace,
With softening eye and heart deplore
The conscious scenes you'll tread no more. ——
When vernal hours their influence shed,
Disclose the bud, and deck the mead,

Ah,

Ah, who with heedful ſearch will come,
To watch the ſwelling primroſe bloom?
Or, when the violet blues the ground,
Scent the rathe incenſe breathing round?
The garden tribes, that gladlier grew
While cheriſh'd by your foſtering view,
No more reſume their wonted hues;
No more their wonted ſweets diffuſe.
Who firſt will 'ſpy the ſwallow's wing?
Or hear the cuckoo greet the ſpring?
Unmark'd ſhall then th' aſſiduous dove,
With ruffling plumage, urge his love!
Unnoted, tho' in lengthen'd ſtrain,
The baſhful nightingale complain!
The bleating race of new-born lambs,
That friſk around their paſturing dams,
No more allure the paſſing eye;
Or, ſhorn, invoke your ſympathy!
Who liſtleſs, now, will ſlowly ſtray
Where buxom ruſtics ted their hay,
And o'er the field ſurvey aſkance
The wavy vapour quivering dance?
Or, ſunk ſupine with muſing eyes,
Enjoy the hum of noon-day flies?
Or, 'mid the ſultry heat reclin'd,
Beneath the poplar woo the wind?
Who, drawn by Nature's varying face,
O'er heav'n the ſpreading tempeſt trace?
Or, in the rear of ſunny rain,
Admire the bright bow's gorgeous train,
Till all its glowing tints decay,
And the dimm'd viſion melt away?

Who

Who now ſurmount the upland's height,
When Morning beams her bluſhing light,
To view the goſs'mer pearl'd with dew,
That tremulous ſhoots each mingling hue?
Or mark the clouds in liveries gay,
Precede the radiant orb of day?
Who, when his ampleſt courſe is run,
Wiſtful purſue the ſinking ſun?
To common eyes he vainly ſhines,
Unheeded riſes or declines!
Aſlant their brows the golden ray
In vain th' empurpl'd hills diſplay:
Woods interſpers'd, with farms between;
Dark hedge-row elms, with meadows green;
The white church peeping half thro' trees;
Slopes waving corn, as wills the breeze;
The podding bean-field, ſtrip'd with balks;
The ſhifting ſheep-fold, hoof-trod walks;
The road that winds athwart the down;
The ſkirting furze-brake; fallow brown;
The windmill's gently-circling vane;
The villager's returning wain;
The weſtern window's crimſon blaze,
That flares obtruſive on the gaze;
The eager heifer's anſwering low,
Far from her calf compell'd to go;
The throſtle's wild melodious lay,
That bids farewell to parting day;
The cottage ſmoke, that ſtraight aſcends;
The labourer blithe that homeward bends;
The ſtreak of miſt, that lengthening ſtrays
O'er the long brook's indented maze;

The

The plank and rail that bridge the ſtream;
The riſing full-moon's amber gleam;——
No more the onward foot beguile,
Where pollards rude protect the ſtile.
Whoſe look now ſcans the duſky ſphere,
To note each kindling ſtar appear?
Who now the fluſhing dawn deſcries,
That upward ſtreams o'er northern ſkies?
Or the wan meteor's lurid light,
That, headlong glancing, mocks the ſight?
In the dark lane who now require
The glimmering glow-worm's harmleſs fire?
Or catch the bells from diſtant vale,
That load by fits the freſhening gale,
Till ſtartled from her ivy'd ſpray,
The moping owl re-wings her way?
When Autumn ſear the copſe invades,
No more you haunt the woodland glades
To eye the change on ev'ry bough;
Or eddying leaf deſcending ſlow;
Or peering ſquirrel nimbly glean
Each nut, that hung before unſeen;
Or flitting down from thiſtle born;
Or gloſſy haw that crowds the thorn,
Whence oft in ſaws obſervers old
Portend the length of winter's cold.*
Wak'd by the flail's redoubling ſound,
When ſpangling hoar froſt criſps the ground,

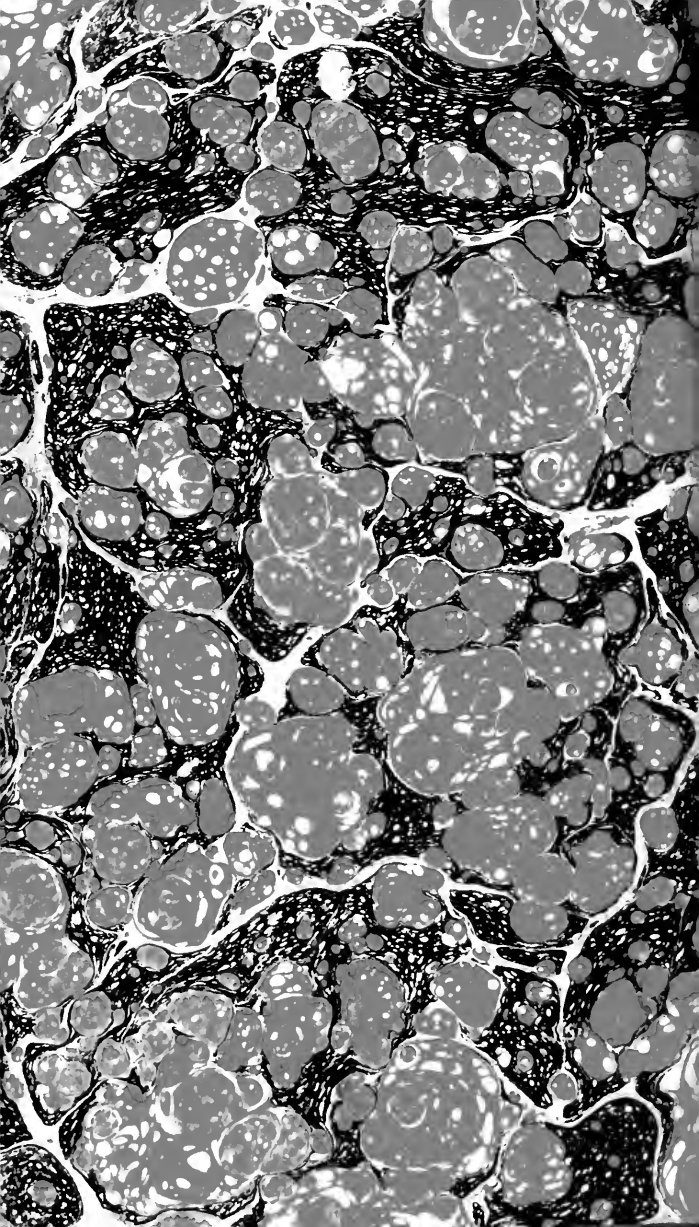
* Store of haws portends cold winters.
Lord Bacon's Nat. Hiſt.

No

No more forego bewildering ſleep
To climb with health yon airy ſteep.
When deepening ſnows oppreſs the plain,
The birds no more their boon obtain;
The redbreaſt hovering round your doors,
No more his ſtated meal implores.
Where all that needed found relief,
No tearful eye laments their grief;
No lenient hand diſpels their pain;
Fainting they ſue, yet ſue in vain.
But tho' the ſcenes you now deplore,
With heart and eye, be yours no more;
Tho' ev'ry long-known object ſeem
Unreal, as the morning's dream,
You ſtill with retroſpective glance,
Or wrapt in ſome poetic trance,
At will may ev'ry charm renew;
Each ſmiling proſpect ſtill review:
Thro' memory's power and fancy's aid,
The pictur'd phantoms ne'er ſhall fade.
And, Oh, where'er your footſteps roam;
Where'er you fix your future home;
May joys attending crown the paſt,
And heav'n's bleſt manſion be your laſt!

S. H.

THE END.



PN
4200
E59

Enfield, William
Exercises in elocution

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

Withdrawn from RBSC

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 13 30 21 05 001 2